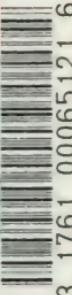


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TITUS ANDRONICUS,

PARTLY BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

THE FIRST QUARTO,

1600,

A FACSIMILE

(FROM THE COPY IN THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, EDINBURGH)

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS,

PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM, ETC., ETC.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

ARTHUR SYMONS,

EDITOR OF THE INTRODUCTION TO THE FACSIMILE OF 'VENUS AND ADONIS'

—♦♦♦♦—

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INTRODUCTION.

§ 1. THE earliest known edition of *Titus Andronicus* is the quarto of 1600, reproduced in the present volume. A second quarto was published in 1611, with the following title-page:—

"The most lamentable Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*. As it hath
longe tyme binne play'd by the Kings Servantes. LONDON,
Printed for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shoppe, nere the little
North doore of Pauls, at the signe of the Gun. 1611."

"This edition," say the Cambridge editors, "was copied from that of 1600, from which it varies only by some printer's errors and a few conjectural alterations."

"The 1st folio text was printed from a copy of the 2nd quarto, which perhaps was in the library of the theatre, and has some MS. alterations and additions made to the stage-directions. Here, as elsewhere, the printer of the Folio has been very careless as to metre. It is remarkable that the Folio contains a whole scene (III. ii.) not found in the Quarto, but agreeing closely in style with the main portion of the play to allow of the supposition that it is due to a different author. The scene may have been supplied to the player's copy of the 2nd quarto from a manuscript in their possession."

The relation between the Quarto and Folio—the latter being merely a reprint of the former, with certain slight corrections, and not a separate edition—is evident on a comparison of the two texts. Though the Folio has a few corrections, the Quarto is much the best text on the whole. In the first two acts the variations of importance amount to about 50. Out of these, 28 are evidently right in Quarto, 14 in Folio; and of the remaining 8, though these are doubtful, the larger part are preferable in Quarto. A few instances from the second act will show the indeliction of Folio to Quarto:—II. i. 22, "This Goddessse, this Senerinis, this Nym," Folio has, "this Queen," the last word of the preceding line.—II. i. 62, "This pretty babbly," Folio has, "This pretty brabble."—II. i. 64, "to iet upon a Princes rhy," Folio has "set."—II. i. 80, "To atchne her whom I loue," Folio has, "whom I do loue."—II. iii. 204, "Oh brother, with the dismalt chent hir," Folio omits "chent."—II. iv. 5, "See how with signs and tokens she can scrawle," Folio has "scowl"; and so on. These and suchlike errors will be seen to be the mistakes of a careless compositor, setting up the Folio from the Quarto. Not merely are there, as in the examples here given, letters and words

accidentally omitted and added, but in some cases a line, or part of it, seems to have been overlooked by the printer of Folio, as in II. i. 100-1,

“Would it offend you then
That both should spedē?”

where Folio omits the latter half-line, making complete nonsense. This instance of itself ought to be conclusive.

In some cases the Folio corrects plain errors, such as “drugges” for “grudges,” I. i. 154; and “swarth” for “swartie,” II. iii. 72. But in every case, I think, the corrections are only such as would occur to any one reading the Quarto, and not such as imply a manuscript authority. The curious instance of III. ii. is of course an exception. I cannot explain it except by supposing, with the Cambridge editors, that the scene was “supplied to the players” copy of the 2nd Quarto from a manuscript in their possession.”

§ 2. It appears from several allusions that a drama bearing the same name had been familiar to the London playgoers for at least a dozen years, and had been published, more than once, in quartos, of which no copies have survived. Ben Jonson, in the Induction to his *Bartholomew Fair*, produced on the 31st October, 1614, says:—“Hee that will sweare Jeronimo or Andronicus are the best playes yet shall pass unexcepted at heere as a man whose judgement shewes it is constant and hath stood still these five and twentie or thirty yeaeres.” Taken literally, this would point to a period between 1584 and 1589; but is there any need to take it literally? If we suppose that by “five and twenty or thirty years” Jonson meant simply a good while ago, we may very well imagine that his allusion is to the “titus and andronicus” mentioned in Henslowe’s *Diary* as having been acted for the first time, by “the Earle of Sussex his men,” on the 23rd January, 1593; which, again, it is a not unnatural stretch of fancy to connect with “a booke intituled, A Noble Roman-Historye of Tytus Andronicus,” entered in the Stationers’ Registers to John Danter, on the 6th February, 1593. This, it seems probable, but is of course far from certain, was the first edition of the *Titus Andronicus* of 1600. Another entry, in the Stationers’ Registers, 19th April, 1602, is as follows:—

“**Tho. Pavier.** Entred for his copies by assignm^t from Thomas Millington these booke folowing; salvo jure cuiuscumque—

viz

A booke called Thomas of Reading. vj^d.
The first and second pts of Henry the VI^t.
ij booke. xij^d.
A booke called Titus and Andronic. vj^d.”

"Again, on 8 Novemb., 1630," say the Cambridge editors, "is an entry assigning to Ric. Cotes from Mr Bird 'all his estate right title and interest in the copies heareafter menconed,' and in the list which follows is 'Titus and Andronicus.' On 4 Aug., 1626, Thomas Pavier ha l assigned his right in *Titus Andronicus* to Edw. Brewster and Rob. Birde, so that apparently the same book is spoken of here as in the entry under the date 19 April, 1602. This being the case, it is difficult to account for the fact that a book which in 1602 was the property of Thomas Millington should in 1600 have been printed for Edward White, and that, after the transference of the copyright from Millington to Pavier, a second edition of the same book should have been printed in 1611 for the same Edward White. No edition with Millington's name on the title has yet been found."

These doubtful matters it seems best to state, without venturing an opinion. Where we have no distinct data to reason from, it is useless to try to build up hypotheses. In so far as the presumed first date has been brought forward, on this side or on that, as proving, or at least intimating, that Shakspere did or did not write the play, it seems to me that there is no particular preponderance of weight on either side. When external evidence is at equilibrium, we are justified in confining our attention to the internal evidence, and to this, as regards *Titus Andronicus*, we shall come presently. A word first as to the sources of the play.

§ 3. The story is merely legendary. An imaginary Emperor, in an equally imaginary Rome, is engaged in contest with the Goths at a time when Goths were quite otherwise employed. No possible period of Roman history could be made to agree, in even the barest outline, with the period represented in this play. An Emperor and a Tribune of the People combine in mutual government. Pagans refer in turn to "Hymeneus" and "all the Roman gods," and to the "priest and holy water" of a Catholic marriage ceremony. Aaron cries out on "Popish ceremonies," and the remark, so exquisitely appropriate on the lips of a barbarian Moor, is quite in character with the conglomerate chronology of the piece. On the authority of what legend the play is founded has not been ascertained, though an allusion in the second volume of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* proves that the story was a familiar one. Painter makes special mention of the cruelty of Tainora, and an anonymous play of 1594, *A Knack to Know a Knave*, refers in distinct terms to the events which form part of the first scene of *Titus Andronicus*.

"Osrick. My gracious lord, as welcome shall you be,
To me, my daughter, and my son-in-law,
As Titus was unto the Roman senators,
When he had made a conquest on the Goths;

That, in requital of his service done,
Did offer him the imperial diadem.
As they, in Titus, we in your grace, still find
The perfect figure of a princely mind."

Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vi. p. 572.

A ballad, *Titus Andronicus's Complaint* (given in the first volume of Percy's *Reliques*), is by some held to be the original of the play, by others to be founded upon it. It is entered in the Stationers' Registers to John Danter, Feb. 6, 1593, immediately after a play on the subject, probably the present one (see above); and to Thos. Pavier, again after the play, on April 19, 1602. That one of the two is founded upon the other is unquestionable: the incidents follow in precisely the same order, with an exact equivalence of emphasis, and a complete agreement down to the last details, such as the shooting of arrows into the air, and the individual mutilations and massacres. But it seems more probable that the ballad is a condensation of the play than that the play is an elaboration of the ballad. As Mr R. Grant White conclusively puts it: "Throughout the ballad there is evident effort to compress all the incidents of the story within as brief a relation as possible; and this is not the style of a ballad written for the ballad's sake."

Mr Albert Cohn, in his *Shakespeare in Germany*, puts forward the theory that *Titus Andronicus* is founded on the play of "titus and Vespasia," entered as "ne," or new, in Henslowe's *Diary*, April 11, 1591. A *Tragedy of Titus Andronicus* was acted in Germany about the year 1600 by English players. In this play there is a Vespasian as one of the principal characters. Connecting these facts, Mr Cohn assumes that "this Vespasian, like all the other characters of the German p'ece, was taken from the original *Titus Andronicus*, and thus we should have to acknowledge *Titus and Vespasian* as the original on which Shakespeare's play was founded." Mr Morley, in his *Sk tch of English Literature*, accepts the inference. I give it for what it is worth, without myself inclining to place much dependence on so slight a thread of similarity.

§ 4. In considering the main question in regard to *Titus Andronicus*, the question of its Shaksperian or non-Shaksperian authorship, it is well to set clearly before us at the outset the actual external evidence which we have. There is, first, the fact that no edition of the play was published during Shakspeare's life-time with his name on the title-page. On the other hand, it was admitted into the first folio in company with the mass of his undoubted work. Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, published in 1598, refers to it as a genuine play of Shakspeare:—"Witness . . . for tragedy, his Richard II., Richard III., Henry IV., King John, Titus Andronicus, and Romeo and Juliet." But Ravenscroft, who revived and altered

the play in the time of James II., says in his preface to an edition published in 1687 :—“ I have been told by some anciently conversant with the stage that it was not originally his [that is, Shakspere's], but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters.”

These conflicting statements have been repeatedly brought into harmony by believers in Shakspere's entire authorship, part-authorship, and non-authorship, so as to prove that Shakspere did and did not write the whole play, and that he wrote some part of it. The fact is, they are at the mercy of every theoriser, and can be easily bent to the service of any predetermined hypothesis. The absence of Shakspere's name from the title, from one point of view a strong proof of un-Shaksperian authorship, may be met by the obvious cases of *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, and other unsigned first editions of undoubtedly genuine plays. The attribution of the play to Shakspere by Meres and the editors of the first folio, apparently a still stronger proof that he really wrote it, may be almost as easily explained by supposing Ravenscroft's tradition to be true, namely, that Shakspere revised and brought on to the stage a play written by some one else, thus causing his name to be associated with it more and more, until the fact that it was not all his would be quite lost sight of. It is on the internal evidence, and the internal evidence alone, that the burden of proof really rests; all that we can require of a hypothesis intelligibly constructed from the evidence of the play itself is, that it shall not be at entire variance with the few external facts on a rational interpretation of them.

§ 5. We know, almost to a certainty, that Shakspere's earliest dramatic work consisted in adapting to the stage old plays in the stock of his players' company, and very probably in revising new works by unknown and unskilful playwrights. The second and third parts of *King Henry VI.* are examples to our hand of the former manner of work: *Titus Andronicus* may with some probability be conjectured to be an instance of the latter. I shall try to show that such a supposition is the least violent and fanciful that we can well make: accepting Ravenscroft's tradition, not from any particular reliance on its probable authenticity, but because, in the absence of any definite information to the contrary, it supplies us with a theory which most nearly agrees with our impressions after a careful examination of the text itself.

Titus Andronicus is a crude and violent, yet in certain respects superior, study in that pre-Shaksperian school which Mr Symonds distinguishes as “ The Tragedy of Blood.”¹ This Tragedy of Blood,

¹ For the title and grouping of this body of plays I am indebted to Mr J. A. Symonds' valuable work on *Shakspere's Pioneers in the English Drama*; the opinions expressed, however, are in every case the result of independent study of the plays themselves.

loud, coarse, violent, extravagantly hyperbolical, extravagantly realistic, was the first outcome of a significant type of Elizabethan character, a hardy boisterousness of nature, a strength of nerve and roughness of taste, which no exhibition of horror or cruelty could shock, other than pleasurable. A popular audience required strong food, and got it.

In the early days of the drama, when playwrights were as yet unskilful, new-to their trade, and without a sense of its dignity and worth, the approved style of tragedy was botched up by zealous caterers for the public taste, and was merely horrible. There was the blood, the vengeance, strong passions and unrestrained wantonness, but no art, no gradation, no conception of the difference between the horrible and the terrible. But in the maturity of the drama, in the hands of Shakspere and Webster, the old rank tragedy of blood, the favourite of the people, became transformed. It was not done away with, but it was transformed, transfigured. The horrible became the terrible, a developed art guided the playwright's hand in touching with a certain ideality the bare and grim outlines of malevolence and murder. It was the same thing, and yet new. The plot of *Hamlet* is the plot of a tragedy of blood of the orthodox school, it has all the elements of the *Spanish Tragedy*, but it is fused by imagination and humanized by philosophy, while the muddled masterpiece of Kyd is a mere skeleton, dressed in ill-fitting clothes, but destitute of flesh and blood and vitality.

A careful examination of the plays left to us of the period about which *Titus Andronicus* must have been written, will show us the exact nature of this species of bloody tragedy, its frequency, and its importance and influence. There may be traced a foreshadowing of it in the copious but very solemn bloodshedding of the very first English dramas, the pseudo-classical *Gorboduc*, and *The Misfortunes of Arthur*. In these plays, behind the cold and lengthy speeches of the dramatic personages, a wonderful bustle is supposed to be going on. In the argument to *Gorboduc* we read, ". . . The sons fell to division and dissension. The younger killed the elder. The mother . . . killed the younger. The people . . . rose in rebellion and slew both father and mother. The nobility assembled and most terribly destroyed the rebels." In *The Misfortunes of Arthur* a more loathsome story, filled with murder and rapine, serves as plot to a tragedy of stately speeches. As yet there is no attempt to move by thrilling; a would-be classical decorum is preserved in the midst of carnage, and the sanguinary persons of the drama comment on their actions with great gravity. But while the barbarous violence of action is only supposed, and reported as having happened, with a steady suppression of sights and details of blood, it is already potentially present in the background, in readiness for more powerful use by more powerful playwrights.

In *Jeronymo* (or *Hieronymo*) and *The Spanish Tragedy*—in reality a single play of colossal proportions—we have perhaps the first, and at once the foremost, representative of genuine tragedy of blood. The stilted and formal phraseology is still employed, in a much modified and improved form, but there is a real attempt to move the hardy susceptibilities of an audience ; the murders occur on the stage, and are executed with as much fierceness and vigour as possible, and the language of overblown rant is at least intended (and was probably found) to be very stirring. The action of both plays is slow, dull, wearisome, with no vivacity, naturalness, or art in it : the language alternates from the ridiculously trivial to the ridiculously inflated ; while in the way of character there are the very slightest indications of here and there a mood or a quality. But the play is important by reason of its position at the head of a long line of tragedies, containing more than one of the dramas of Marlowe, and scarcely coming to an end in the superb masterpiece of Webster.

The keynote of Kyd's conception of tragedy is murder. Of that most terrible of tragedies—the tragedy of a soul—he is utterly unconscious. Actual physical murder,—honourably in the duel, or treacherously by the hand of one of those wonderful villains who live and move and have their being on the stage everywhere,—this is the very abracadabra of his craft. A fine situation must have a murder or two in it. A troublesome character must be removed by a murder, and the hero and heroine must also be murdered, for the sake of pathos, and a rounded termination, one after the other. Last of all the villain, or the two or three villains, as is more likely, meet with unexpected violent ending, thereby affording a moral lesson of the most practical and obvious kind. In addition there should be a madness, and several atrocities. Madness, only second, though distinctly second, to murder, is an ingredient in many of these plays, notably the *Spanish Tragedy*. It was Hieronymo's madness that attracted that greater poet of the famous "additions," —Jonson or another. He found it a thing of nought, a conventional, frigidly rhetorical, stage lunacy : he left it a thing of pity and terror, piteous and terrible to all generations.

Contemporaneous with the *Spanish Tragedy*, but less representative of the movement, are several other melodramas—the anonymous *Soliman and Perseda*, and Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*, for instance. Becoming, not more human, but more artistic, the tragedy of blood found a willing exponent in the great, daring, but unbalanced genius Marlowe, and in the authors of *Lust's Dominion*.

§ 6. It is to this period that *Titus Andronicus* belongs,—a period of more mature art, more careful construction, more power of characterization, but still in aim essentially similar. These plays

are distinguished from the *Spanish Tragedy* on the one hand, but they are after all still more sharply distinguished from the *Lear*, the *Duchess of Malfi*, or even the *Revenger's Tragedy*, and the harsh but powerful dramas of Marston, on the other.

Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* is the most generally known of the tragedies of blood, and it is indeed not an ill specimen of the developed style. Marlowe, who originated so much, cannot be said to have originated this manner. It was popular before his time, but having a certain affinity with his genius he attempted it, once, perhaps twice, and in stamping it in his own mint raised its currency. *The Jew of Malta* belongs distinctly to the school of Kyd, but it is raised above its precursors, not only by reason of the frequent splendour of its poetry, but still more by the presence of a finely-imaged character, an idealizing of the passion of greed. The play is Barabas; with his entrance and exit the good in it comes in and goes out. The captains, brutes and bullies, the shadowy Abigail, all the minor characters, are hasty sketches, rank if not bodiless, mere foils to the malevolent miser. Barabas himself, as it has been so often pointed out, is a creation only in the first two acts, where he foreshadows Shylock; in all the latter portion of the play he is only that "monster with a large painted nose" of whom Lamb has spoken. Marlowe and Shakspere, it is sad to recollect, alike degraded their art, Marlowe more than once, Shakspere at least once, to please the ears of the groundlings. The intentional debasement of Barabas, in the latter half of *The Jew of Malta*, from a creation into a caricature, is only equalled, but it is equalled, by that similar debasement of Falstaff, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, from the prophet and philosopher of this world's cakes and ale into an imbecile buffoon, helpless, witless, and ridiculous.

Lust's Dominion, a play issued under the name of Marlowe, but assigned by Mr Collier, with great probability, to Decker, Haughton, and Day, is a play of the same class as *The Jew of Malta*, overloaded with the most fiendish crimes to an inconceivable extent, but in several scenes really beautiful and fanciful, and containing, like *The Jew of Malta*, a single predominant character, the villain Eleazar, drawn with abundant strength and some precision. This play is the very quintessence of the tragedy of blood; crammed from end to end with the most ingeniously atrocious villainies, but redeemed from utter vulgarity by a certain force and even delicacy of expression, and a barbaric splendour of horror not untinged with ferocious irony. It is a work of art, if of a gross and immature kind, in a sense in which *The Spanish Tragedy* is not. The old outlines remain, but they are filled in with bold but glaring colouring, with coarsely-painted human figures, and are set in a distinct, though

loud, key of colour. The thing is revolting, but it is no longer contemptible.

Between these two plays, but rather in company with the former than the latter, I would place *Titus Andronicus*. Like *The Jew of Malta* and *Lust's Dominion*, it contains the full-length portrait of a villain; like the *Spanish Tragedy*, its most powerful scenes are devoted to the revengeful madness of a wronged old man.

§ 7. In construction it belongs distinctively to the Tragedy of Blood: it is full of horrors, of evil and bloodthirsty characters. There are, if I remember rightly, thirteen murders and executions, besides various outrages and mutilations, in the course of the play. More than half, including a torture and a banquet of human flesh, are enacted on the stage. As regards the characters, there is in Titus a fine note of tragic pathos, in Aaron a certain vigour and completeness of wickedness, in Tamora a faint touch of power, but in Lavinia, in Bassianus, in Saturninus, in the sons of Titus and Tamora, scarcely the semblance of an attribute. The powerful sketch of Aaron is a good deal indebted to the Barabas of Marlowe. There is much the same comprehensive malevolence, feeding on itself rather than on any external provocation; a malevolence even deeper in dye, if less artistic in expression. Both have a delight in evil, apart from the pleasure anticipated from an end gained. They revel in it, like a virtuous egoist in the consciousness of virtue. Eleazar, in *Lust's Dominion*, is a slightly different type of the complete villain. His is a cold, calculating wickedness, not raving or furious, but set on a certain end. He enjoys his villainy, but in a somewhat sad and sober fashion. He is supremely ambitious; to that ambition all other qualities of evil bow—his lust, his cruelty, his spite, his pride; everything. He uses his passions and the passions of others as trained servants; and he sets them tasks, always for his advancement. The three villains, Barabas, Aaron, and Eleazar, are three of the earliest, three primary types, of that long series in which the Elizabethan dramatists attempted to read the problem of Renaissance Italy—of wickedness without moral sense, without natural conscience, wickedness cultivated almost as an æsthetic quality, and attaining a strenuous perfection.

The character of Titus is on a higher plane than that of Aaron; it has more humanity, and a pathos that is the most artistic quality of the play. Titus is the one character, absolutely the only one, who moves us to any sympathy of emotion. The delineation is unequal, there are passages and scenes of utter inclemency and flatness, speeches put into his mouth of the most furious feebleness, but at its best—in the later scenes of half real and half pretended madness—the character of Titus is not so very much below the Hieronymo of the “ad litionis.” At its worst it sinks to almost the

level of the original Hieronymo. Such curious inequality is not observable in any other person of the play. Aaron and Tamora are the Aaron and Tamora of a single conception, worked out with more or less skill on a level line. The dummies of the play are consistent dummies. Lavinia is a single and unmixed blunder. But Titus, by his situation the most interesting character of the play, is at one time fine, at another foolish, in a way for which it is difficult to account if a single author wrote the whole play. I shall refer again to this matter later.

Lavinia, I have said, is a single and unmixed blunder. There is no other word for it. I can never read the third scene of the second act without amazement at the folly of the author, who, requiring in the nature of things to win our sympathy for his afflicted heroine, fills her mouth with the grossest and vilest insults against Tamora—so gross, so vile, so unwomanly, that her punishment becomes something of a retribution instead of being wholly a brutality. There is every dramatic reason why the victim should not share the villain's soul, every dramatic reason why her situation should be pure pathos. Nothing but the coarseness of nature in the man who first wrote it can explain the absurdity. And this is Shakspere's first heroine—the first of the series that Imogen concludes—in the opinion of those critics, German and other, who assign the whole of *Titus Andronicus* to the young Shakspere! The character of Lavinia is alone enough to show the absurdity of this view; and the character of Lavinia only belongs to the general conception of the play, which is not a whit better than might be expected of a clever follower of approved models, a disciple of Marlowe in his popular melodrama. But when we have said this, we have not said everything. The beauty and force of certain passages, and the impressiveness of certain scenes, are so marked, and so markedly above the level of the surrounding work, that we may well hesitate to deny to Shakspere all part or lot in it.

§ 8. Two positions I think we are justified in assuming. First, that *Titus Andronicus* is so immeasurably dissimilar to all Shakspere's other early work, that it is, to say the least, improbable that the whole play can be his; and second, that the assumption of a revision by him of another man's work is, on the face of it, quite probable and likely. Shakspere's first original plays were bright, fanciful, witty, dainty comedies; touched with the young joy of existence, full of irreflective gaiety and playful intellect; nowhere dwelling on things horrible and unpleasant, but avoiding these, resolutely or unconsciously overlooking them, and turning away from them, whenever they presented themselves. It was the Court Comedies of Llyl rather than the Bloody Tragedies of Kyd which influenced the earliest dramatic writings of Shakspere. From whatever reason

—whether mere natural liking, or a strenuous self-suppression due to an acknowledged immaturity—Shakspere would seem never to have attempted the arduous task of a tragedy until in mind and art he had grown to complete ripeness: that is, if we except *Andronicus*. *Romeo and Juliet*, a romantic drama with a tragical ending, but not a tragedy in the sense in which *King Lear* is a tragedy, shows us very distinctly the manner in which Shakspere, even at a much later period than the latest assignable to *Titus Andronicus*, dealt with the sadnesses and incongruities of life, with sorrow, loss, death, affliction, wrong. There is not a touch, not a tone of horror; nothing but sweet and beautiful, even where it is most piteous. All sorrow resolves itself into “tears of perfect moan”; all tragedy dies upon a song. It is exquisitely pathetic, but there is little hint of the unspeakable pathos of *Lear*. Now *Titus Andronicus* is full of gross horror, sickening with the scent of blood, materially moving. It seems nothing less than impossible that the same hand should have written, first this play, in which the playwright revels coarsely in blood and horror; then *Romeo and Juliet*, in which a tragic story is treated with only lyrical rendering of the tragedy; then *King Lear*, burdened with an almost intolerable weight of terror, but kept virginally sweet, and pure, and fair by the twin quality of pity. Unless Shakspere wrote *Titus Andronicus* he never touched tragedy without making it either lyrically pathetic or piteously terrible. And it is only natural to suppose that he never did, and never could have done so.

On the other hand, taking into consideration the differences of workmanship not untraceable in the play, and the comparative force and beauty of certain parts, it is not impossible that Shakspere had, if not a hand, then at least some finger in it. It is known that he was at one time the “Johannes-fac-totum” of a players’ company, and that he was employed in furbishing up old plays for fresh performance. Suppose a new play, by a “private author,” written (but somewhat clumsily) in a popular style, is offered to the theatre,—what would be more likely than that the thing should be handed over to the dramatic journeyman, young Shakspere, for brief revision and rectification? Young Shakspere, little as he may care for the style, has of course to hold himself subservient to the ideals of the original playwright; but he heightens, where he can, the art of the delineations, inserts some passages of far more impressive significance, perhaps almost some scenes, and touches the dead level of the language into something of grace and fleshiness. Thus we have a stupid plot, a medley of horrible incidents, an undercurrent of feeble language; and, in addition, some powerful dramatic writing, together with bright passages here and there, in which a fresh and living image is expressed finely.

§ 9. Coleridge's fancy or theory as to Shakspere's way of dealing with a play in revising it—beginning indifferently, adding only a line here and there, but getting more interested as he went on—applies very well to *Titus Andronicus*. All the first act is feeble and ineffectual; here and there a line, a couplet, a short passage—such as the touch on mercy, or the speech of Titus (Act I. scene i. ll. 187-200)—puts a colour on the pale outline, and sets our thoughts running on Shakspere. But the “purple patches” are woefully far apart. Such entire brainlessness as goes to the making of the very important piece of dialogue between the 270th and 290th lines of the first scene of the first act, is scarcely to be found throughout the whole play. All the business of the act is confused and distorted; lengthy where it should be short, short where it ought to be extended. There is not a touch in it, probable or possible, of the shaping hand of Shakspere; of itself this act is enough to disprove his authorship of the complete play.

With the second act there is a decided improvement. Aaron, the notable villain of the piece, makes his first appearance; Tamora blossoms out into the full flower of wickedness; and in the mouths of these most unidyllic personages we have some of those fine idyllic passages which seem not unlike the early style of Shakspere. For myself, I can see no touch of Shakspere in the first lines of the act,—

“Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,” &c.,—

which some would assign to his account. They are a very tolerable but entirely flagrant imitation of Marlowe's most rhetorical manner; not one whit above the reach of the first author of the play, although, in a sense, above his level. But in some later passages it seems not unpermissible to see the token of Shakspere's hand. The lines from 80 (“She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd”¹) onward through a speech or two, have unquestionably a truer ring, a more easy flow and vigour, than the surrounding dialogue. Three lines a little further on—

“The emperor's court is like the House of Fame,²
The palace full of tongues, of eyes and ears :
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull”—

¹ This adage seems to have been popular in Elizabethan times, and is by no means necessarily a Shaksperian sentiment. Beside the exactly parallel passage in the First Part of *King Henry VI.* and the partly parallel passage in *Richard III.*, there is another, tolerably close, in *The Birth of Merlin*—one of the so-called “Doubtful Plays,” but about as doubtful, in an opposite sense, as *Othello*:—

“For her consent, let your fair suit go on;
She is a woman, sir, and will be won” (Act I. sc. i.).

² Compare Chaucer's poem so entitled.

have a genuine impressiveness, and one is almost inclined to refer them to Shakspere, the more so as they have this much of the look of an insertion,—that they could be omitted without the least necessary break in the sense. In the second and third scenes are several well-known passages, often attributed to Shakspere: “The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,” &c. (ll. 1—6), the companion piece of the third scene—“The birds chant melody on every bush”; and again the powerful description of the “barren detested vale” (91 *et seq.*). Neither of these is wholly unworthy of Shakspere’s youth. The second passage—scene iii. ll. 10-29, and not by any means ending, as some would have it end, at the 15th line—impresses me as the most melodious and sweet-fancied in the play; and more than that, a really beautiful interlude. If there is any Shakspere in the play, this is. But the speech of Tamora (ll. 91—108), powerful as it is, in some respects, is somewhat less obviously Shaksperian. In the blundering and foolish scene between Tamora and Lavinia, further on in the third scene, there is, in conception and general execution, about as much of Shakspere as of Bacon; but nine really pathetic lines—158-166—I should like to think Shakspere’s. Lavinia says to Demetrius and Chiron, referring to Tamora, “Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.”

“ *Chi.* What ! would’st thou have me show myself a bastard ?
Lav. ’Tis true ; the raven doth not hatch a lark :
 Yet have I heard (O could I find it now !)
 The lion, mov’d with pity, did endure
 To have his princely paws par’d all away.
 Some say the ravens foster forlorn children,
 The whilst their own birds famish in the nest :
 O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
 Nothing so kind, but something pitiful ! ”

The turn of these lines, particularly the last two, is good ; and it will be noticed that Tamora’s next speech, “I know not what it is : away with her,” might even better have come directly in answer to Lavinia’s first entreaty :

“ Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.”

The “it” of “I know not what it means” would then naturally refer to the “pity” of the preceding line ; as it is, there is some irregularity in such an answer, referring as it does to nothing more direct than, “O be to me . . . something pitiful ! ” The lines have quite the appearance of an insertion.

The last three acts are far superior to the first two. They are mainly concerned with the wrongs and madness of Titus, which I suspect to have been entered into by Shakspere with more sympathy than the other parts of the play, and almost throughout dignified and humanized by him. I do not mean to say that

Shakspere wrote all, or most, of the speeches assigned to Titus throughout the play, or even in the last three acts. The touches by which a great poet can raise the work of a little poet from puerility to fineness may be slight and delicate ; and are, indeed, far too delicate to be distinguished and emphasized by the critic. Nor is the service which I suspect Shakspere to have rendered his predecessor, complete. Not a few empty and rhetorical passages put into the mouth of the suffering hero seem like untouched fragments of the former stuff. If any one will be at the pains to compare, say the speech of Titus at line 65 (Act III.) with the speech of Titus at line 33, he will see, I cannot but think, a considerable difference ; and a glance at the tawdry rant of Marcus, at the close of the second act, will still further emphasize the contrast if compared with, say, the five lines of the same speaker at line 82 of the third act. In all the earlier part of the play, and throughout in perhaps every character but Titus, such touches of Shakspere as we can distinguish are occasional, and are simple brief additions and revisions of single passages. But in the "magnificent lunacy" of Titus (as Mr Symonds rightly calls it) there is a note of keen tragic pathos which seems to me distinctly above the reach of an imitative dramatist of the School of Blood. How much of Shakspere there is in this latter part of the play it is hazardous to conjecture. We cannot so much point to certain lines, as in the earlier acts, and say, This reads like Shakspere ; but we must perceive a finer spirit at work, and the keener sense that went to the making or mending of some whole scenes, or main parts of them. Mr Swinburne has pointed out that the pregnant arrow-scenes are written in blank verse of more variety and vigour than we find in the baser parts of the play ; and these, he adds, if any scenes, we may surely attribute to Shakspere. I would add some part, by no means all, of the second scene of the fifth act ; especially that grimly ironical portion from the 80th onwards about twenty lines. The first 60 lines of the scene, powerful as they are, have no Shaksperian quality in them : they are directly studied from Marlowe, no doubt by the "private author," who was certainly a disciple of Marlowe, and not without a measure of cleverness. Again, the devilish utterances of Aaron (Act V. sc. i.)—some of the most noticeable speeches in the book—are absolutely un-Shaksperian, while distinctly in the manner of Marlowe. Indeed, so closely are they imitated from the confession of Barabas (*Jew of Malta*, Act II. sc. ii.) that we can hardly be surprised at the occasional attribution of the play to Marlowe—worse than foolish as this is on every really reasonable ground. All the ending of the play—the grotesquely horrible dish of human flesh, the tortures, &c.—is of course entirely due to the original author. Nothing is more clearly and

more closely connected with the model Tragedy of Blood; and nothing certainly could be more unlike Shakspere.

Thus we see, on glancing through the play, that *Titus Andronicus*, in its plot, general conception, and most of its characters, belongs distinctly to the Tragedy of Blood, and, being in these respects inferior to the best of it, may be considered the work of a disciple of the school, not of an acknowledged master; while in certain parts it seems to be lifted above itself, vivified and dignified: a combination which naturally suggests the revision of an inferior work by a superior master. The closer we examine it, the more natural does the view become, and the more probable does it seem that in *Titus Andronicus* we have the work of an unknown writer revised by the young Shakspere. To consider it the work of an amateur, a disciple of the bloody school, but not a great writer, elevated to its present state (of far from perfection) by Shakspere's early revision—which is substantially the Ravenscroft tradition—seems to explain the otherwise inexplicable mixture in this singular play of good and bad, twaddle and forcefulness; and seems to explain, on the one hand, why it is so good as it is, on the other, why it is no better. I do not think it is very sensible to try to assign the play, as originally written, to some well-known author of the time, such as Greene or Marlowe, rather than to the "private author." Such resemblances of these writers as occur might naturally be imitations; but to father on Marlowe, in especial, the meaner parts of the play, is a quite gratuitous insult to his memory.

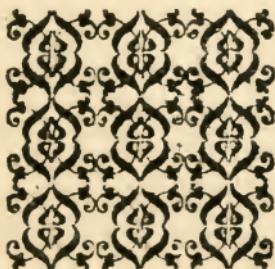
ARTHUR SYMONS.

23 June, 1885.

This facsimile, made from the copy of the first Quarto in the University Library, Edinburgh, has the acts, scenes, and lines numbered as in the Globe edition. Lines differing from the Folio are marked with a dagger [†]; lines in Quarto and not in Folio are marked with a star [*]; lines found in Folio and omitted in Quarto are signified by a caret [↑]. Omitted stage-directions, when they are not separate lines, are marked with a dagger; when they are separate lines, with a caret.

The most lamenta- ble Romaine Tragedie of *Titus* *Andronicus.*

As it hath sundry times beeene playde by the
Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the
Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the
Lorde Chamberlaine theyr
Seruants.



AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for Edward White
and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little
North doore of Paules, at the signe of
the Gun. 1600.

 The most lamentable Romaine
Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*: As it was plaide
by the Right Honorable the Earle of Darbie, Earle
of Pembroke, and Earle of Sussex
theyr Servaunts.

*Enter the Tribunes and Senatours aloft: And then enter
Saturninus and his followers at one doore, and Bassianus and his
followers, with Drums and Trumpets.*

Li.
+

Saturninus.

Noble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with armes.
And Countrymen my louing followers,
Plead my successiue Title with your swords:
I am his first borne sonne, that was the last.
That ware the Imperiall Diademe of Rome,
Then let my Fathers honours live in mee,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignitie.

4
4
3
8
3
4

Bassianus.

Romaines, friends, followers, fauourers of my right,
It euer Bassianus Cesars sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of rovall Rome,
Keepē then this passage to the Capitoll,
And suffer not dishonour to approch,
The Imperiall seate to vertue, consecrate
To iustice, continence, and Nobilitie:
But let desert in pure election shine,
And Romaines fight for freedome in your choice.

12
12
16

A 2

Marches

The most lamentable Tragedie

Marcus Andronicus with the Crowne.

Princes that strive by factions and by friendes
 Ambitiously for Rule and Emperie,
 Know that the people of Rome for whom we stand
 A speciall Partie, haue by common voyce,
 In election for the Romaine Emperie
 Chosen *Andronicus*, surnamed *Timus*,
 For many good and great deserts to Rome :
 A nobler man, a brauer Warriour,
 Lives not this day within the City walls.
 He by the Senate is accited home,
 From wearie warres against the barbarous Gothes,
 That with his sonnes (a terrour to our foes)
 Hath yoakt a Nation strong, traind vp in Armes.
 Tenne yeeres are spent since first he vndertooke
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with Armes
 Our enemies pride : Five times he hath returnd
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sonnes
 In Coffins from the field,
 And now at last, laden with honours spoyles
 Returns the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
 Renowned *Timus* flourishing in Armes.
 Let vs intreate by honour of his name,
 Whom worthily you would haue now succede,
 And in the Capitall and Senates right,
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength,
 Dismise your followers, and as foers shold,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humblenes.

Saturninus.

How faire the Tribune speakes to calme my thoughts.

Bassianus.

Marcus Andronicus, so I doe affie,

To

of *Titus Andronicus*.

In thy vprightnes and integrity,
And so I loue and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother *Tus* and his sonnes,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious *Lauria*, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere dismissle my louing friends:
And to my fortunes and the peoples fauour,
Commit my cause in ballance to be waid. *Exit* *Souldiers*.

Saturninus.

Friends that haue beene thus forward in my right.
I thanke you all, and heere dismissle you all,
And to the loue and fauour of my Country,
Commit my selfe, my person, and the cause:
Rome be as iust and gracious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the gates and let me in.

Basilius. Tribunes and me a poore Competitor.
They *goe* *up* *into* *the* *Senate* *house*.

Enter a Captaine.

Romaines make way, the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of vertue, Romes best Champion:
Successfull in the battailes that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is returnd,
From where he circumscirbed with his sword,
And brought to yoake the enenies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and then enter two of *Titus*
sonnes, and then two men bearing a Coffin covered with blacke, then
two other sonnes, then *Titus Andronicus*, and then *Tamora the
Queene of Gothes* and her two sonnes, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
with *Aron the More* and others, as many as can be then set downe
the Coffin, and *Titus* speakes.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Titus. Haile Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds,
 Loe as the Barke that hath dischardg his fraught,
 Returns with precious lading to the bay,
 From whence at first she wayd her anchorage;
 Commeth *Andromecus*, bound with Lawrell bowes,
 To resalute his Country with his teares,
 Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
 Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
 Stand gracious to the rights that we entend.
Romunes, of fiftie and twenty valiant sonnes,
 Halfe of the number that king *Priam* had;
 Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead:
 These that furuiue, let Rome reward with loue:
 These that I bring vnto their latest home,
 With buriall amongst their auncestors.
 Heere *Gothes* haue giuen me leaue to sheath my sword,
Titus vnkind, and carelesse of thine owne,
 Why sufferst thou thy sonnes vnburied yet,
 To houer on the dreadfull shore of *Stix*,
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.

They open the Tombe.

There greeete in silence as dead are wont,
 And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
 O sacred Receptacle of my ioyes,
 Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobility,
 How many sonnes hast thou of mine in store,
 That thou wile never render to me more.

Lucius. Gime vs the proudest prisoner of the *Gothes*.
 That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
 Before this earthy prison of their bones,
 That so the shadowes be not vnappeaxd,
 Nor we disturbed with prodiges on earth.

Titus.

of Titus Andronicus.

Titus. I giue him you, the nobleſt that ſuruiues,
The eldeſt ſonne of this diſtrefled Queene.

Tamora. Stay Romaine brethren, gracious Conquerer,
Victoriouſ *Titus*, ſue the teares I ſhed,
A mothers teares in paſſion for her ſonne :
And iſ thy ſonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my ſonne to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not that we are brought to *Rome*
To beautifie thy triuincys, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
But muſt my ſonnes be ſlaughtered in the ſtreetes,
For valiant dooings in theyr Countries cauſe :
O iſ to fight for King and common weale,
Were pietie in thine, it is in theſe :

Andronicus. ſtame not thy tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the naure of the Gods ?
Draw neere them then in being merciſfull,
Sweet mercy is Nobilitiess true badge,
Thrice noble *Titus* ſpare my firſt borne ſonne.

Titus. Patient your ſelue Madam, and pardon me.
These are theyr brethren, whom you Gothes beheld
Alue and dead, and for theyr brethren ſlaine,
Religiouſly they aske a ſacrifice :
To this your ſonne is markt, and die he muſt,
To appeaſe their groning shadowes that are gone.

Lucius. Away with him, and make a fire ſtraight,
And with our ſwords vpon a pile of wood,
Lets hew his limbs till they be cleane conſumde.

Exit Titus ſonnes with Alarbus.

Tamora. O cruell irreligious pietie.

Chiron. Was euer Sythia halfe ſo barbarous ?

Demet. Oppoſe not Sythia to ambitious *Rome*,
Alarbus goes to reſt and we ſuruiue,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatening looke,

Then

The most lamentable Tragedie

Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,
 The selfe same Gods that armde the Queene of Troy
 With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge
 Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
 May fauour Tamora the Queene of Gothes,
 (When Gothes were Gothes, and Tamora was Queene)
 To quit the bloodie wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Lucius. See Lord and father how we haue performid
 Our Roinaine rights, Alarbus limbs are lopt,
 And intrals feede the sacrificising fire,
 VVhose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie,
 Remaineth nought but to interre our brethren,
 And with lowd larums welcome them to Rome.

Titus. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
 Make this his latest farewell to theyr soules.

Sound trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.
 In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes,
 Romes readiest Champions, repose you here in rest,
 Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
 Here lurks no treason, here no enuie swels,
 Here grow no damned drugges, here are no stormes,
 No noyse, but silence and eternall sleepe,
 In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes.

Enter Lavinia.

In peace and honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
 My noble Lord and Father liue in fame:
 Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
 I render for my brethrens obsequies:
 And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
 Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome,
 O blesse me heere with thy victoriouſ hand,
 Whose fortunes Romes best Citizens applaud.

Titus. Kind Rome, that hast thus louingly reſeru'de

The

of Titus Andronicus.

The cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lavinia liue, out liue thy Fathers dayes,
 And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.

Marcus. Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
 Gracious triumper in the eyes of Rome.

Titus. Thankes gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus.*

Marcus. And welcome Nephews from succesful wars.
 You that suruiue, and you that sleepe in faine :
 Faire Lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
 That in your Countries seruice drew your swords,
 But safer triumph is this funerall pompe,
 That hath aspирde to *Solons* happines,
 And triumphs ouer chaunce in honors bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
 Whose friend in iustice thou hast euer beene,
 Send thee by mee their Tribune and their trust,
 This Palliatment of white and spotlessc hue,
 And name thee in election for the Empire,
 With these our late deceased Emperours sonnes :
 Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
 And helpe to set a head on headles Rome.

Titus. A better head her glorious body fits,
 Than his that shakes for age and feeblenes :
 What should I don this Roabe and trouble you,
 Be chosen with Proclamations to day,
 To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,
 And set abroad new busines for you all.
 Rome I haue beene thy souldier fortie yeeres,
 And led my Countries strength succesfully,
 And buried one and twentie valiant sonnes
 Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,
 In right and seruice of their noble Countrie :
 Giue me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
 But not a scepter to controule the world,

B.

Vpright

The most lamentable Tragedie

Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.

Marcus. *Titus,* thou shalt obtaine & aske the Emperie.

Satyr. Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell.

Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus.*

Satyr. Romaines doe me right.

Patricians draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour :

Andronicus, would thou were shipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

Lucius. Proude *Saturnine,* interrupter of the good
That noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.

Titus. Content thee prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselves.

Bassian. *Andronicus,* I doe not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will doe till I die :
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friend,
I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men
Of noble mindes, is honorable meede.

Titus. People of Rome, and peoples Tribunes here,
I aske your voyces and your suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus* ?

Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his safe retурne to *Rome*,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Titus. Tribunes I thanke you; and this fute I make,
That you create your Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whose vertues will I hope,
Reflect on *Rome* as Tytans raiers on earth,
And ripen iustice in this Common weale :
Then if you will elect by my aduise,
Crown him, and say, Long liue our Emperour.

Marcus. *An.* With voyces & applause of euery sort,
Patricians and Plebeians, we create
Lord *Saturninus* Romes great Emperour.

And

of *Titus Andronicus*.

And say, *Long live our Emperour Saturnine*.

Saturni. Titus Andronicus, for thy fauours done,

To vs in our election this day,

I give thee thankes in part of thy deserts,

And will with deedes requite thy gentenes :

And for an onset *Titus* to aduance

Thy name, and honorable familie,

Lavinia will I make my Empresse,

Romes royll Mistris, Mistris of my hart,

And in the sacred *Pathan* her espouse :

Tell me *Andromecus*, doth this motion please thee.

Titus. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,

I hold me highly honoured of your Grace,

And heere in sight of *Rome* to *Saturnine*,

King and Commander of our common weale,

The wide worlds Emperour, doe I consecrate,

My sword, my Chariot, and my prisoners,

Presents well worthy *Romes* imperious Lord :

Receiue them then, the tribute that I owe,

Mine honours Ensignes humbled at thy feete.

Satur. Thankes noble *Titus*, Father of my life,

How proude I am of thee, and of thy gifts

Rome shall record, and when I doe forget

The least of these vnspeakable deserts,

Romans forget your fealtie to me.

Titus. Now Madam are you prisoner to an Emperour,

To him that for your honour and your state,

Will vse you nobly, and your followers.

Satur. A goodly Lady, trust me of the hue

That I would choose, were I to choose a newe :

Cleere vp faire Queene that clowdy countenance,

Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheere,

Thou coinst not to be made a Scorne in *Rome*.

Princely shall be thy v sage every way.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Rest on my word, and let not discontent,
268 Daunt all your hopes, Madame he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the Queene of *Gothes*,
Lauinia you are not displeasde with this.

Lauinia. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
272 Warrants these words in princely curtesie.

Satyr. Thankes sweet *Lauinia*, Romans let vs goe,
Raunsomles heere we set our prisoners free,
Proclame our honours Lords with trumpe and Drum.

Bassianus. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this maide is mine.
Titus. How sir, are you in earnest then my Lord?

Bassia. I noble *Titus*, and resolute withall,
To doe my selfe this reason and this right.

Marcus. *Suum cuique* is our Romane iustice,
This Prince in iustice ceazeth but his owne.

Lucius. And that he will and shall, if I ~~reins~~ live.
Titus. Traytors auaunt, where is the Emperours gard?

284 Treason my Lord, *Lauinia* is surprizde.

Satyr. Surprizde, by whom?

Bassia. By him that iustly may
Bear his betrothde from all the world away.

Mutius. Brothers, helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my sword Ile keepe this doore safe.

Titus. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her back.

Mutius. My Lord you passe not heere.

Titus. What villaine boy, barst me my way in Rome?

Mutius. Helpc *Lucius*, helpe.

Lucius. My Lord you are vnjust, and more then so,
In wrongfull quarrell you haue slaine your sonne.

Titus. Nor thou, nor he, are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would never so dishonour me,
Traytor restore *Lauinia* to the Emperour.

Lucius. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another lawfull promist loue.

of *Titus Andronicus*.

*Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two
sonnes, and Aron the Moore.*

Emperour. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:

Ile trust by leyisure, him that mocks me once,
Thee never, nor thy trayterous haughty sonnes,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was none in Rome to make a stale

But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*

Agree these deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That saidst I begd the Empire at thy hands.

Titus. O monstrous, what reprochfull words are these?

Saturn. But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing pecc,
To him that flourisht for her with his sword:

A valiant sonne in law thou shalt enioy,
One fit to bandy with thy lawlesse sonnes,
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

Titus. These words are razors to my wounded hart.

Saturn. And therfore louely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
That like the stately *Thebe* mongst her Nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant st Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleaseid with this my sodaine choise,
Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,

And will create thee Empresse of Rome.

Speake Queene of Gothes do st thou applaud my choise?
And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,

Sith Priest and holy water are so neere,

And tapers burne so bright, and every thing

In readines for *Hymeneus* land,

I will not resalute the streetes of Rome,

Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,

I lead espowid my Bride along with me.

Tamora. And heere in sight of heaven to Rome I sweare,
If *Saturnine* aduaunce the Queene of Gothes,

I.i.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Shee will a handmaide be to his desires,
A loving Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

332 *Sat.* Aseend faire Queene : Panthean Lords accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the Heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdome hath her Fortune conquered,
There shall we consummatte our spousall rites.

Exeunt omnes.

340 *Titus.* I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride,
Titus when went thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and challenged of wrongs.

Enter Marcus and Titus sonnes.

344 *Marcus.* O *Titus* see : O see what thou hast done
In a bad quartell slaine a vertuous sonne.

Titus. No foolish Tribune, no : No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deede,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vneworthy sonnes.

352 *Lucius.* But let vs give him buriall as becomes,
Give *Mucius* buriall with our bretheren.

Titus. Traytors away, he rests not in this tombe :
This monument fwe hundred yeares hath stood,
Which I haue sumptuously reedified :

356 Heere none but Souldiers and Romes Seruitors
Repose in fame : None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can he comes not heere.

Marcus. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds doo plead for him,
He must be buried with his brethren.

Titus two sonnes speakes.

And shall, or him we will accompany.

360 *Titus.* And shall. What villaine was it spake that word ?

Titus sonne speakes.

He that would vouch it in any place but heere.

Titus.

of *Titus Andronicus*.

L.i

Titus. What would you bury him in my despight?

Marcus. No noble *Titus*, but intreate of thee.

To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Titus. *Marcus*: Fuen thou hast stroke vpon my crest.

364

And with these boyes mine honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you every one.

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

3. *Sonne*. He is not with himselfe, let vs withdraw.

368 +

2. *Sonne*. Not I till *Mutius* bones be buried.

The brother and the sonnes kneeles.

Marcus. Brother, for in that name doth nature pleade.

372

2. *Sonne*. Father, and in that name doth nature speake.

Titus. Speake thou no more, if all the rest will speede.

+

Marcus. Renowmed *Titus*, more then halfe my soule.

Lucius. Dear Father, soule and substance of vs all.

Marcus. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interr,

376

His noble Nephew heire in vertues nest,

That died in honour and *Launias* cause.

Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:

The Greekes vpon aduise did bury *Aix*

380

That slew himselfe: and wife *Laerte*: sonne,

Did graciously pleaed for his Funeralls:

Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,

Be bard his entrance heire.

Titus. Rise *Marcus*, rise,

384

The dismalst day is this that ere I saw,

To be dishonoured by my sonnes in Rome:

Well bury him, and bury me the next.

They put him in the tombe.

Lucius. There lie thy bones sweet *Marcus* with thy friends,

388

Till we with Trophees doo adorne thy tombe:

They all kneeled and say,

No man shed teates for noble *Mutius*,

He liues in fame, that dide in vertues cause.

Exe

The most lamentable Tragedie

Exit all but Marcus and Titus.

392 *Marcus.* My Lord to step out of these dririe dumps,
How comes it that the subtile Queene of Gothes,
Is of a sodaine thus aduaunc'd in Rome.

Titus. I know not *Marcus*, but I know it is,
(Whether by deuise or no, the heauens can tell.)
396 Is she not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne so farre.

*Enter the Emperour, Tamora and her two sonnes, with the Moore
at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bassianus and
Lavinia, with others.*

400 *Saturnine.* So *Bassianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God give you ioy sir of your gallant Bride.

Bassianus. And you of yours my Lord, I say no more,
Nor with no lesse, and so I take my leaue.

404 *Saturnine.* Traitor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this Rape.

Bassianus. Rape call you it my Lord to ceaze my owne,
My true betrothed loue, and now my wife:
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while am I possest of that is mine.

408 *Saturnine.* Tis good sir, you are very short with vs.
But if we liue, weebe be as sharpe with you.

412 *Bassianus.* My Lord what I haue done as best I may.
Answeare I must, and shalldoo with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,
With his owne hand did slay his youngest sonne,
In zeale to you, and highly moou'd to wrath,

To

of *Titus Andronicus*.

To be contould in that he frankelie gaue,
Receauē him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
That hath exprest himselfe in all his deedes
A Father and a friend to thee and *Rome*.

Titus. Prince *Bassianus* leauē to plead my deedes,
Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I hauelou'd and honoured *Saturnine*.

Tamora. My worthy Lord, if euer *Tamora*,
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all :
And at my sute (sweete) pardon what is past.

Satur. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it vp without reuenge.

Tamora. Not so my Lord, the Gods of *Rome* forfend
I should be Author to dishonour you.
But on mine honour dare I vndertake,
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all :
Whose furie not dissembled speakes his greefes :
Then at my sute looke graciously on him,
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,
Nor with sowre lookes affliet his gentle hart.

My Lord, be rulde by me, be wonne at last,
Dissemble all your greefes and discontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Least then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iust furuay take *Titus* part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which *Rome* reputes to be a hainous sinne.
Yeede at intreates : and then let me alone,
Ile finde a day to massacre them all.
And race their faction and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his trayterous sonnes,
To whom I sued for my deere sonnes life.

C.

And

The most lamentable Tragedie

And make them know what tis to let a Queen,
Kneelein the streets, and begge for grace in vaine.
Come, come sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*.)
Take vp thys good old man, and cheere the hart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.

Satur. Rise Titus rise, my Empresse hath preualid.

Titus. I thanke your maestie, and her my Lord.
These wordes, these lookes, infuse new life in me.

Tamora. Titus I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must aduise the Emperour for his good,
Thys day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconciled your friends and you.
For you prince *Bassianus* I haue paift
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords, and you *Lauinia*,
By my aduise all humbled on your knces,
You shall aske pardon of his Maestie.

We doe, and vowe to heauen, and to his highnes,
That what we did, was mildly as we might,
Tending our sisters honour and our owne.

Marcus. That on mine honour heere I doe protest.

Satur. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.

Tamora. Nay, nay sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.

Satur. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brothers heere,
And at my louelie *Tamoras* intreats,
I doe remit these young mens hainous faults,
Stand vp: *Lauinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a Hatchiler from the priest.

Comē

of *Titus Andronicus*.

Come, if the Emperours court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest *Lavinia*, and your friendes :
Thys day shall be a loue-day *Tamora*.

Titus. To morrow and it please your maestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and hound, weele give your grace bon iour.

Saturn. Be it so *Titus*, and gramerie to. *Exeunt.*
sound trumpets, maner *Moore*.

Aron. Now climeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Aduaunc'd aboue pale enuies threatning reach,
As when the golden sunne salutes the mome,
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering coach,
And ouer-lookes the highest piering hills.

So *Tamora*.

Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue stoops and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aron* arme thy hart, and si thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,
And mou at her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettered in amourous chaines,
And faster bound to *Arons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* tyde to *Caucasus*.
Away with slauish weedes and seruile thoughts,
I will be bright, and shine in pearle and gold,
To waite vpon this new made Emperesse.
To waite said I ? to wanton with this Queene,
This Goddesse, this Semerimis, this Nymph,
Thys Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
And see his shipwracke, and his Common-weale.
Hollo, what storne is this ?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauning.

C 2

Demet.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Deme. Chiron thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou knowest affected be.

Chiron. Demetris, thou doost ouerweene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
Tis not the difference of a yécre or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate :
I am as able and as fit as thou,
To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace;
And that my fword vpon thee shall approue,
And pleade my passions for *Launias* loue.

Moore. Clubs,clubs,thcse louers will not keepe the peace.

Deme. Why boy, although our mother (vna duizd)
Gave you a daunsing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends:
Goe too : haue your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chiron. Meane whiile sir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare.

Deme. I boy, grow yee so braue ? *shey draw.*

Aron. Why how now Lords ?
So neere the Emperours pallace dare yos draw,
And maintaine such a quarrell openly ?
Full well I wote the ground of all this grudge,
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonoured in the Court of *Rome*.
For shame put vp.

Deme. Not I, till I haue sheathd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust those reprob'full speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breathd in my dishonour heere.

Chiron. For that I am prepared, and full resolute,

of Titus Andronicus.

Foule spoken Coward, that thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing darſt performe.

Moore. Away I say.

Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This petty brabble will vndoo vs all :

Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to iet vpon a Princeſ right ?

What is *Lavinia* then become ſo loose,
Or *Bſcianus* ſo degenerate,

That for her loue ſuch quarrels may be brocht,
Without controlement, iuſtice, or reuenge.

Young Lords beware, and ſhould the Emprefſe know,
This diſcords ground, the muſicke would not please.

Chiron. I care not I, knew ſhe and all the world,
I loue *Lavinia* more then all the world.

(choife,

Demetruſ. Youngling leaue thou to make ſome meaneſ
Lavinia is thine elder brothers hope.

Moore. Why are ye mad ? or know yee not in Rom
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke competitors in loue ?
I tell you Lords, you doo but plot your deaths;
By this deuife.

Chiron. Aron, A thouſand deaths would I propo
To atchiue her whom I loue.

Aron. To atchiue her how ?

Demetruſ. Why makes thou it ſo ſtrange ?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wrone,
Shee is *Lavinia*, therefore muſt be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the Miller of, and eaſie it is,
Of a cut loafe to ſteale a ſhiue we know :
Though *Bſcianus* be the Emperours brother
Better than he haue wrone *Vulcans* badge.

C?

Moore.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Moore. I, and as good as *Saturninus* may.

Demet. Then why shoulde hee dispaire that knowes to
With words, faire lookes, & liberality. (court it
What hast not thou full ofte strooke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

Moore. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch, or so
Would serue your turnes.

Chiron. If so the turne were serued.

Demet. Aron thou hast hit it.

Moore. Would you had hit it too,
Then shouldest not we be tirde with this adoo.
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
To square for this: would it offend you then
That both should speede.

Chiron. Fa:th not me.

Demet. Nor me, so I were one.

Aron. For shame be friends, and ioyne for that you iar,
Tis pollicie and strategie must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolute,
That what you cannot as you would atchiue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
Than this *Lasinia*, *Bascianus* loue.
A spedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand,
There will the louely Romaine Ladies troope:
The forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thinke then this daintie Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words,
Thys way or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit

o Titus Andronicus.

To villanie and vengeance consecrate,
 VVill we acquaint with all that we intend,
 And she shall file our engines with aduise,
 That will not suffer you to square your felues,
 But to your wishes hight aduance you both.
 The Emperours court is like the house of faine,
 The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, and eates:
 The woods are ruthles, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
 There speake, and strike braue boyes, and take your turnes,
 There serue your lust, shadowed from heauens eye,
 And reuell in *Lauinia's* treasurie.

Chiron. Thy counsell lad smells of no-cowardize.

Demetruis. Sit fas aut nefas, till I finde the streme,
 To coole this heate, a charme to calme these fits,
 Per *Stigia*, per *manes* *I'elbo*. Excuse.

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes,
making a noyse with hounds & hornes.

Titus. The hunte vp, the Moone is bright and gray,
 The fieldes are fragrant, and the woods are greene,
 Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
 And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
 And rowze the Prince, and ring a Hunters peale
 That all the court may echo wth the noyse.
 Sonnes, let it be your charge, asit is ours,
 To attend the Empereurs person carefully:
 I haue beene troubled in my sleepe this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspirde.

Heere a cry of Houndes, and winde horn *as a peale, then*
enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, ^{auinia}, Chiron,
Demetruis, and their Attendants.

Titus. Many good morrowes to ye *manuall*,
 Madame to you as many, and as good
 I promised your Grace a Hunters *et cetera*.

SATN.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Saturnine. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat too early for new married Ladies.

Bastianus. *Lavinia*, how say you? (more.)

Lavinia. I say no: I haue beene broad awake two houres and

Saturnine. Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shal ye see,
Our Romaine hunting.

Marcus. I haue doggs my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the chafe,
And clime the highest promontary top.

Titus. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes like swallowes ore the plaine.

Demetrius. Chiron we hunt not we, with horse nor hound
But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aron alone.

Moore. He that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold vnder a tree,
And neuer after to inherite it.
Let him that thinks of me so abieetly,
Know shat this gold must coine a stratageme,
Which curiously effected will beget,
A very excellent peece of villany:
And so repose sweet gold for their vnrest,
That haue their aimes out of the Empresse Chest.

Enter Tamora alone to the Moore.

Tamora. My louely *Aron*, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When euery thing doth make a gleefull boast?
The birds chaunt melody on euery bush,
The Snakes lies rolled in the chearefull sunne,
The greene leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checkerd shadow on the ground:
Vnder their sweet shade, *Aron* let vs sit,
And whil'st the babling Ecchoe mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well tun'd hornes,

As

of *Titus Andronicus*.

As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs sit downe and marke theyr yellowing noyse :
And after conflict such as was suppose
The wondring Prince and *Dido* once enioyed,
When with a happy storme they were surprisde,
And curtainid with a counsaile-keeping Cau^e,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our pastimes done) possesse a golden slumber,
Whiles houndes and hordes, and sweet melodious birds
Be vnto vs as is a Nurces song
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe a sleepe.

Aron. Madame, though *Venus* gourne your desires.
Saturne is dominator ouer mine :
VVhat signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my clowdy melancholie,
My fleece of woollie hayre that now vncurles,
Euen as an Adder when she doth vntowle
To doe some fatall execution.
No madam, these are no veneriall signes,
Vengeance is in my hart, death in my hand,
Blood and reuenge are hammeing in my head.
Harke *Tamora* the Empresse of thy soule,
Which never hopes more heauen than ress in thee,
This is the day of doome for *Bassianus*,
His *Philomel* inust loose her tongue to day,
Thy sonnes make pillage of her chastitie,
And wash theyr hands in *Bassianus* bloe^d.
Seest thou this letter ? take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the King this fatall plotted scrowle.
Now question me no more, we are espied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull boote,
Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Tamora. Ah my sweet *Moore*, sweeter to me then life.

D.

Moore.

II.iii

The most lamentable Tragedie

Moore. No more great Empresse, *Bassianus* comes.
 Be croise with him, and Ile goe fetch thy sonnes
 To backe thy quarrels what so ere they be.

Bassianus. Who haue we here? Romes royll Empresse,
 Vnfurnisht of her well beseeming troope?
 Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
 Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
 To see the generall hunting in this Forrest?

Tamora. Sawcie controuler of my priuate steps,
 Had I the power that some say *Dian* had,
 Thy temples should be planted presently,
 With hornes as was *Aetrons*, and the hounds,
 Should driue vpon thy new transformed limbes,
 Vnmannerly intruder as thou art.

Lauinia. Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,
 Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in horning,
 And to be doubted that your *Moore* and you,
 Are singled forth to try experiments:
Ione shied your husband from his houndes to day,
 Tis pitty they shold take him for a Stag.

Bassianus. Beleue me Queene your swartie Cymerton,
 Doth make your hōneur of his bodies hue,
 Spotted, detestled, and abominable.
 VVhy are you sequestred from all your traine,
 Dismounted from your snow white goodly stede,
 And wandred hether to an obscure plot,
 Accompanied but with a barbarous *Moore*,
 If soule desire had not conducted you?

Lauinia. And beeing intercepted in your sport,
 Great reason that my noble Lord be rated
 For fawnes, I pray you let vs hence,
 And let her joy her Rauen culoured loue,
 This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bassia. The King my brother shall haue notice of this.

Lauinia.

of *Titus Andronicus*.

Lavinia. I, for their slips haue made him noted long,
Good King to be so mightib[er]e abused.

Queene. VVhy I haue patience to indure all this.

Enter *Chiron* and *Demetrio*.

Dem. How now deere soueraigne & our gracious mother,
VVhy doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan?

Queene. Haue I not reason thinke you to looke pale,
These two haue ticed me hether to this place,
A barren, detested vale you see it is,
The trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Orecome with mosse and balefull Mistleto.

Here never shines the sunne, heere nothing breedes,
Vniessle the nightly Owle or fatall Rauen:

And when they shrowd me this abhorr'd pit,
They told me here at dead time of the night,
A thousand feends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toades, as many vrichins,
Would make such fearefull and confused cries,

As any mortall body hearing it
Should straite fall mad, or else die suddainely.

No sooner had they tolde this hellish tale,
But strait they told me they would binde me here,
Vnto the body of a dismall Ewgh,
And leaue me to this miserable death.

And then they calde me foule adulteresse,
Lauicious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes,
That euer eare did heare to such effect.

And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it as you loue your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cald my children.

Demet. This is a witt[er]es that I am thy sonne. *Slab him.*

Chiron. And this for me struck home to shew my strength.

Lavinia. I come Semeramis, nay Barberous Tamora,

The most lamentable Tragedie

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

Tamora. Give me the peynard, you shall know my boies,
Your mothers hand shal right your mothers wrong.

Demet. Stay Madam, heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the corne, then after burne the straw:
This minion flood vpon her chasfittie,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie,
And with that painted hope, braues your mightines,
And shall she carry this vnto her graue.

Chiron. And if the doe, I would I were an Euenuke,
Drag hence her husband to some secrete hole,
And make his dead trunke pillow to our lust.

Tamora. But when ye haue the houly we desire,
Let not this waspe out-lue vs both to sting.

Chiron. I warrant you madam, we will make that sure:
Come mistris, now perforce we will enjoy,
That nice preferued honestie of yours.

Lauinia. Oh *Tamora*, thou bearest a womans face.

Tamora. I will not heare her speake, away with her.

Lauinia. Sweet Lords intreate her heare me but a wold.

Demet. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her teares, but be your hauit to them
As vreleenting Flint to drops of raine.

Lauinia. When did the Tigers young ones teach the dam,
O doe not leare her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou suckst from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny,
Yet every mother breedes not sonnes alike,
Doe thou intreate her shew a woman pitty. (bastard?)

Chiron. What wouldst thou haue me prooue my selfe a

Lauinia. Tis true the Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion moued with pittie did indure
To haue his princely pawes pard all away:

Some

of *Titus Andronicus*.

Some say that Rauens foster forlome children,
The whilst their owne bird's famish in their nests:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,
Nothing so kind but somthing pittifull.

Tamora. I knew not what it meaneſ, away with her.

Launia. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue flaine thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe yeaſ.

Tamora. Hadſt thou in person ne're offendēd me,
Euen for his ſake am I pittileſſe.
Remember boyes I powrd forth teares in vaine,
To ſave your brother from the ſacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vſe her as you will,
The worse to her the better lou'd of me.

Launia. Oh *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For tis not life th' I haue begd ſo long,
Poore I was flaine when *Bassianus* diſcē.

Tamora. What begſt thou then fond woman let me goe?

Launia. Tis preſent death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell,
Oh keepe me from their worse than killing luſt,
And tumble me into ſome lothſome pit,
Whēre neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doē this and be a charitable murderer.

Tamora. So ſhould I rob my ſweet ſoumes of their ſee,
No let them ſatisfie their luſt on thee.

Demetrius. Away for thou haſt ſtaide vs heere too long.

Launia. No grace, no womanhood, ah beaſtly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confuſion fall.

Chiron. Nay then ile ſtoppe your mouth, bring thou her
This is the hole where *Aron* bid vs hide him.

The most lamentable Tragedie

188 *Tamora.* Farewell my sonnes, see that you make her sure,
Nere let my hart know incerry cheere indeede,
Till all the *Atronioe* be made away:

Now will I hence to seeke my louely *Moore*,
And let my spleenfull sonnes this Trull defloure,

Enter Aron, with two of Titus sonnes.

192 Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast a sleepe.

Quintus. My sight is very dull what ere it binges.

196 *Mart.* And mine I promise you, were it not for shaine,
Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.

200 *Quin.* What art thou fallen, what subtill hole is this,
Whose mouth is couered with rude growing briers,
Upon whose leaues are drops of new shed blood,
As fresh as morning dewe distild on flowers,
A very fatall place it seemes to mee,
Speake brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

204 *Martius.* Oh brother, with the dismalst obiect hurt,
That euer eie with sight made hart-lament.

208 *Aron.* Now will I fetch, the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,
How these were they that made away his brother. *Exit.*

Martius. Why dooſt not comfort me, and helpe me out
From this vn hollow, and blood stained hole.

212 *Quintus.* I am surprised with an vncouth feare,
A chilling sweat oreruns my trembling ioynts,
My hart suspects more then mine eye can see.

Mart. To proue thou hast a true diuining hart,
Aron and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.

216 *Quintus.* Aron is gone, and my compassionate hart,
VVill not permit mine eyes once to behold,
The thing whereat it trembles by surmize:

Oh

of *Titus Andronicus.*

Oh tell me who it is, for nere tell now,
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.

Martius. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to a slaughtred Lambe,
In this detested darke blood drinking pit.

Quintus. If it be darke how doost thou know tis hee.

Martius. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious ring, that lightens all this hole:
VVhich like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthy cheeke,
And shewes the ragged intrailes of this pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on *Piramus*,
VVhen he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood,
O brother helpe me with thy fainting hand,
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath.
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Ocius* mischiefe mouth.

Quintus. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* graue:

I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brinck,

Martius. Nor I no strength to clime without thy helpe.

Quintus. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art heere a loft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to mee, I come to thee.

Enter the Emperour, and Aron the Moore.

Saturn. Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth.

Martius. The vnhappy sonne of old *Andronicus*
Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,

To

252

The most lamentable Tragedie

To finde thy brother *Bascianus* dead.

Saturnius. My brother dead, I know thou dost but iest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the north side of this pleasant chace,
Tis not an houre since I left them there.

Mart. We know not where you left them all alue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamora. Where is my Lord the King?

King. Heere Tamora, though greeu'd with killing griefe.

Tamora. Where is thy brother *Bascianus*?

King. Now to the bottoime dost thou search my wound,
Poore *Bascianus* heere lies murthered.

Tamora. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ.

The compilot of this timeless Tragedy,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyrannie.

She giueth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reades the Letter.

And if we misse to mete him b[ea]s[om]ly,
Sweet huntsman *Bascianus* tis we meane,
Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him,
Thou know'st our meaning, looke for thy reward,
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree,
Which ouer-shades the mouth of that same pit;
Where we decreed to bury *Bascianus*,
Doe this and purchase vs thy laiting friends.

King. Oh Tamora was ever heard the like,
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke sirs if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should haue murthered *Bascianus* heere.

Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of gold.

King.

of *Titus Andronicus*.

King. Two of thy whelpes, fell curs of bloody kinde,
Haue here bereft my brother of his life :
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuised
Some neuer heard of tortering paine for them:

Tamora. What are they in this pit, oh wondrous thing ?
How easilly murder is discouered.

Titus. High Emperour, vpon my feble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sonnes,
Accursed, if the faultes be prou'd in them.

King. If it be prou'de, you see it is apparent,
VVho found this letter, *Tamora* was it you ?

Tamora. *Andronicus* himselfe did take it vp.
Titus. I did my Lord, yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reuerent tombe I vow
They shall be ready at your Highnes will,
To aunswere theyr suspition with theyr liues.

King. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me.
Some bring the murthered body, some the murtherers,
Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my soule, were there worse end then death,
That end vpon them should be executed.

Tamora. *Andronicus* I will intreat the King,
Feare not thy sonnes, they shall doe well enough.

Titus. Come *Lucius* come, stay not to talke with them.

Enter the Empresse sonnes, with *Lavinia*, her handes cut
off, & her tongue cut out, and rauisht.

Demet. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,
Who twas that cut thy tongue and rauisht thee.

Chiron. Write downe thy minde, bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy stumpees will let thee play the scribe.

Demet. See how with signes & tokens she can scrowle.

Chiron. Goe home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

E.

Demet.

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II. iv.

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The most lamentable Tragedie

Deme. Shee hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash,
And so lets leaue her to her silent walkes.

Chiron. And twere my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.

Deme. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

Enter Marcus from hunting.

Who is this, my Neece that flies away so fast,

Cosen a word, where is your husband:

If I doe dreame would all my wealth would wake me.

If I doe wake some Planet strike me downe,

That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.

Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vngentle hands,

Haſt lopt, and hewde, and made thy body bare,

Of her two branches those sweet ornaments

Whose cirding shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleepe in,

And inight not gaine so great a happines

As haleſ thy loue: Why doſt not speake to me?

Alas, a crimson riuet of warme blood,

Like to a bubbling Fountaine ſtird with winde,

Doth riſe and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,

Comming and going with thy honnie breath.

But ſure ſome Tereus hath defloured thee,

And leaſt thou ſhouldſt deteſt them, cut thy tongue.

Ah now thou turnſt away thy face for shame,

And notwithstanding all this loſſe of blood,

As from a Conduit with theiſſuing ſpouts,

Yet doe thy cheekeſ looke red as Titans face,

Bluſhing to be encouerted with a clowde.

Shall I ſpeake for thee, ſhall I ſay tis ſo.

Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beaſt,

That I might raile at him to eafe my minde.

Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen ſtopt,

Doth burne the hart to cinders where it iſ,

Faire Philomela, why ſhe but loſt her tongue,

And in a tedious ſampler ſowed her minde.

But

of *Titus Andronicus*.

But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
 A craftier *Tereus*, Cosen hast thou met,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could haue better sowed then *Philomel*.
 Oh had the monster seene those Lilly hands,
 Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
 He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
 Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
 Which that sweete tongue hath made :
 He would haue dropt his knife and fell a sleepe,
 As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
 Come let vs goe, and make thy Father blind,
 For such a sight will blind a Fathers eye.
 One houres storme wil dtowne the fragrant meades,
 What wil whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes ?
 Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee,
 Oh could our mourning ease thy misery. *Exeunt.*

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*Enter the Judges and Senators with *Titus* two sonnes bound,
 passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and *Titus* going before pleading.*

Titus. Hear me graue Fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
 For pitty of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept.
 For all my blood in Romes great quarell shed,
 For all the frosty nights that I haue wacht,
 And for these bitter teares which now you see,
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
 Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
 Whose soules is not corrupted as tis thought.
 For two and twenty Sonnes I neuer wept,
 Because they died in honours losty bed,

Andronicus lieth done, and the Judges passe by him.

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For

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The most lamentable Tragedie

For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
 My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
 Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite,
 My sonnes sweet blood will make it shame and blush:
 O earth, I will befriend thee more with raine
 That shall distill from these two antient ruines,
 Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his shoures,
 In Sommeres drought, Ile drop vpon thee still,
 In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
 And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drinke my deere sonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reverent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men
 Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerie the doome of death,
 And let me say, (that never wept before)
 My teares are now preuailing Oratours.

Lucius. Oh noble Father, you lament in vaine,
 The Tribunes heare you not, no man is by,
 And you recount your sorrowes to a stome.

Titus. Ah *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead,
 Graue Tribunes, once more I intreate of you.

Lucius. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speak.

Titus. Why tis no matter man, if they did heare
 They would not marke me, or if they did marke,
 They would not pity me, yet please I must,
 And bootelesse vnto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrowes to the stones,
 Who though they cannot answeare my distresse,
 Yet in some sort they are better then the Trybunes,
 For that they will not intercept my tale:
 When I doe weepe, they humble at my feete
 Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
 And were they but attired in graue weedes,
 Reme could afford no Tribune like to these:

of *Titus Andronicus*.

A stone is soft as waxe, *Tribanes* more hard than stones :
 A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
 And *Tribanes* with their tongues doome men to death.
 But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne ?

Lucius. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
 For which attempt the Judges haue pronounst,
 My euerlastinge doome of banishment.

Titus. O happy man, they haue befriended thee :
 Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceave
 That *Rome* is but a vilderneſſe of Tygers ?
 Tygers must pray, and *Rome* affords no pray
 But me and mine, how happy art thou then,
 From these deuourers to be banished.
 But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere ?

Enter *Marcus* with *Lavinia*.

Marcus. *Titus*, prepare thy aged eyes to weepe,
 Or if not so, thy noble hart to breake :
 I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Titus. Will it consume me ? Let me see it then.

Marcus. This was thy Daughter.

Titus. Why *Marcus* so ſhe is.

Lucius. Aye me, this Obieſt kilſt me.

Titus. Faint-harted-boy, arise and looke vpon her,
 Speake *Lavinia*, what accursed hand,
 Hath made thee handleſſe in thy Fathers sight ?
 What foole hath added water to the Sea ?
 Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy ?
 My grieſe was at the height before thou canifte,
 And now like *Nyſus* it diſdainteth bounds.
 Give me a ſword, ile chop off my hands too,
 For they haue fought for *Rome*, and all in vaine :
 And they haue nurſt this woe, in feeding life :
 In booteleſſe prayer haue they beene held vp,
 And they haue ſeru'd me to effectleſſe vſe.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other.
Tis well *Launia* that thou hast no handes,
For handes to doe Rome seruice, is but vaine.

Lucius. Speake gentle sister, who hath martred thee.

Marcus. Oh that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blabbd them with such pleasing eloquence.
Is borne from forth that prettie hollow cage,
Where like a sweet mellodious bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchaunting every eare.

Lucius. Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deede?

Marcus. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide her selfe as doth the Deare
That hath receaude some vntreuring wound.

Titus. It was my Deare, and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more then had he kild me dead :
For now I stand as one vpon a Rock,
Inuironed with a wildernes of Sea,
Who markes the waxing tide, grow waue by waue,
Expecting euer when some eniuious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone,
Here stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes :
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,
Is deere *Launia*, deerer than my soule,
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me : what shall I doe,
Nowe I behold thy lively body so ?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martred thee :
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemnde, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her,

When

of *Titus Andronicus*.

When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stoode on her cheeke, as doth the honny dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered. (husband,
Mars. Perchance she weepes because they kild her
Perchance, because shée knowes them innocent.

Titus. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Because the Law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,
Witnes the sorrow that their sister makes.

Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signe how I may doe thee ease :
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*
And thou and I sit rounde about some Fountaine,
Looking all downewards to behold our cheeke
How they are stainde in Meadowes yet not drie,
With merie slime left on them by a flood ?
And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that cheerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares ?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine ?
Or shall we bite our tonges, and in dombe showes
Passe the remainder of our hatfull dayes ?
What shall we doe ? let vs that haue our tonges
Plot some deuise offurther miserie
To make vs wondred at in time to come.

Luci. Sweet father cease your teares, for at your greese
See how my wretched sister sobs and weepes.

Mar. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* dry thine eyes.
Titus. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wote,

Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man hast drownd it with thine owne.

Luci. Ah my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy cheeke.

Titus. Marke *Marcus*, marke, I vnderstand her signes,
Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say

That

The most lamentable Tragedie

That to her brother, which I said to thee,
 His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
 Can doe no seruice on her sorrowfull cheeke.
 Oh what a sympathy of woe is this,
 As farre from helpe, as Limbo is from blisse.

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
 Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,
 Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy selfe old *Titus*,
 Or any one of you, chop off your hand
 And send it to the King, he for the same,
 Will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliuie,
 And that shall be the rausome for their fault.

Titus. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aron*,
 Did euer Rauen sing so like a Larke,
 That giues sweete tydings of the Sunnes vprise?
 With all my hart, ile send the Emperour my hand,
 Good *Aron* wilt thou helpe to chop it off?

Lucius. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
 That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
 Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
 My youth can better spare my blc od than you,
 And therefore mine shal saue my brothers liues.

Marcus. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
 And reard aloft the bloody Battlaxe,
 Wrighting destruction on the enemies Castle?
 Oh none of both, but are of high deserft:
 My hand hath beene but idle, let it serue
 To rausome my two Nephewes from their death,
 Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.

Moore. Nay come agree whose hand shal goe along,
 For feare they die before their pardon come.

Marcus. My hand shal goe.

Lucius. By heauen it shal not goe.

Titus.

of *Titus Andronicus*.

Titus. Sirs striue no more, such withred hearebes as these
Are meete for plukking vp, and therefore mine.

Lucius. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.

Marcus. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me shew a brothers loue to thee.

Titus. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.

Lucius. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.

Marcus. But I will vse the Axe. *Exeunt.*

Titus. Come hether Aron, Ile deceiue them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine.

Aron. If that be calde deceite, I will be honest,
And neuer whilst I liue decerne men so :
But Ile deceiue you in another sort,
And that youle say ere halfe an houre past.

Hee cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Titus. Now stay your strife, what shal be is dispatcht :
Good Aron giue his Maiestie my hand,
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers, bid him bury it,
More hath it merited : that let it haue :
As for my sonnes, say I account of them,
As iewels purchaſt at an easie price,
And yet deere too; because I bought mine owne.

Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee.
Their heads I meane : Oh how this villanie,
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his soule blacke, like his face.

Exit.

F.

Titus

The most lamentable Tragedie

Titus. O here I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
 209 And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
 If any power pitties wretched teares,
 + To that I call : what would thou kneele with me ?
 212 Doe then deere hart, for heauen shall heare our prayers,
 Or with our sighs wele breath the welkin dimine,
 And staine the sunne with fogge, as sometime clowdes,
 Vhen they doe hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marcus. Oh brother speake with possibilitie,
 216 And doe not breake into these deepe extremes.

Titus. Is not my sorrow deepe hauing no bottome ?
 Then be my passions bottomele with them.

Marcus. But yet let reason governe thy lamenta.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
 220 Then into limits could I binde my woes :
 When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow ?
 If the windes rage, doth not the sea waxe mad,
 224 Threatning the vvelkin with his bigswolne face ?
 And wilt thou haue a reason for this eyle ?
 I am the sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow :
 228 Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth :
 Then must my sea be inoued with her sighes,
 Become a deluge : ouerflowed and drowned :
 For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
 232 But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
 Then giue me leaue, for loosers will haue leaue,
 To ease theyr stomacks with theyr bitter tongues.

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Messeng. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
 236 For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour :
 Here are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.

And

of *Titus Andronicus*.

And heres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe :
Thy griefe theyr sports : Thy resolution mockt :
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my fathers death.

Exe.

Marcus. Now let hote Aetna coole in Cycilie,
And be my hart an euer-burning hell :

These miseries are more then may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe, doth easie some deale,
But sorrow flouted at, is double death.

Lucius. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not flirinke therat :
That euer death should let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

Marcus. Alas poore hart, that kisse is comfortlesse,
As frozen water to a starued snake.

Titus. When will this fearefull slumber haue an end ?

Marcus. Now farewell flattery, die *Andronicus*,
Thou doost not slumber, see thy two sonnes heads :

Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter heere :
Thy other banisht sonne with this deere sight
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
Euen like a stony image, cold and numme.

Ah now no more will I controwle my grieves,
Rent off thy siluer haire, thy other hande
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight
The closing vp of our most wretched eyes :
Now is a time to storme, why art thou still ?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha.

Marcus. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this houre.

Titus. Why I haue not another teate to shed ;
Besides, this sorrow is an enemie,
And would vsurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Cau.

F 2

Fog

240

244

248

252

256+

+

260

264

268

The most lamentable Tragedie

For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
 And threat me, I shall never come to blisse,
 Till all these mischiefes be returnd againe,
 Even in their throates that haue committed them.
 Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
 You heauie people, circle me about:
 That I may turne me to each one of you,
 And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs,
 The vowe is made, come Brother take a head,
 And in this hand the other will I beare.
 And *Lauinia* thou shalt be imployde in these Armes,
 Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
 As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
 Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
 Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an armie there,
 And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
 Lets kisse and part, for we haue much to doe.

Exeunt.

Lucius: Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father:
 The wofulst man that euer liude in Rome:
 Farewell proude Rome till *Lucius* come againe,
 He loues his pledges dearer than his life:
 Farewell *Lavinia* my noble sister,
 O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
 But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* liues,
 But in oblivion and hatefull greefes:
 If *Lucius* liue, he will requite your wrongs,
 And make proude *Saturnine* and his Empresse
 Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene.
 Now will I to the *Gothes* and raise a power,
 To be reuengd on Rome and *Saturnine*.

Exit Lucius.

Enter

of *Titus Andronicus.*

Enter *Lucius sonne and Lauinia running after him, and the boy flies from her with his bookees vnder his arme.*

Enter *Titus and Marcus.*

Puer. Helpe Grandier helpe, my *Aunt Lauinia*,
Followes me euery where, I know not why.
Good *Vnkle Marcus* see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet aunt, I know not what you meane.

Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*, dae not feare thine aunt.
Titus. She loues thee boy too well to do thee harme.

Puer. I when my Father was in *Rome* she did.

Mar. What meanes my Neece *Lauinia* by these signes.
Titus. Feare her not *Lucius*, somewhat doth she meane.

See *Lucius* see, how much shee makes of thee :
Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.

A boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care
Red to her sonnes than she hath red to thee,

Sweet Poetrie, and Fullies. O ratour :

Canst thou not gesse wherefore shee plies thee thus.

Puer. My Lord, I know not I, nor can I gesse,
Vnlesse some fit or frenzie doe possest her :

For I haue heard my Grandier say full oft,
Extremitie of greeues would make men mad.

And I haue red that *Hecuba* of *Troy*,

Ran mad for sorrow, that made me to feare

Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,

Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,

And would not but in furie fright my youth,

Which made me downe to throw my bookees and flie,

Causelele perhaps, but pardon me sweet aunt,

And Madam, if my *Vnkle Marcus* goe,

The most lamentable Tragedie

I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. *Lucius* I will.

Titus. How now *Lavinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this ?
Some booke there is that shée desires to see :

Which is it gyrtle of these, open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyse of all my Librarie,
And so beguile thy sorrow, tell the heauens
Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deede.

VVhy lifts she vp her arnies in sequencē thus ?

Mar. I thinke she meanes that there were more than one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was :
Or else to heaven she heaues them for reuenge.

Titus. *Lucius* what booke is that she tosseth so ?

Puer. Grandfier tis Ouids Metamorphosis,
My mother gaue it mee.

Mar. For loue of her thats gone,
Perhaps she culd it from among the rest.

Titus. Soft, so busilie shée turnes the leaues,
Helpē her, what would she finde ? *Lavinia* shall I read ?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*,
And treates of *Terentius* treason and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy,

Mar. See brother see, note how she quotes the leaues,

Titus. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet gyrtle ?

Rauisht and wrongd as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomie woods;
See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)
Patternd by that the Poet here describes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes,

Mar. Q why should nature build so foule a den,

Vniessle the Gods delight in tragedies,

Tit. Giue signes sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
VVhat

of *Titus Andronicus*.

VVhat Romaine Lord it was durst doe the deede?
Or slonke not *Saturnine* as *Tarquin* erst,
That left the Campe to finne in *Lucrece* bed.

Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by mee,
Appollo, Pallas, Ione, or Mercurie,
Inspire me that I may thys treason finde,
My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lauinia*,

He writes his Name with his Staffe, and guides it with feete and mouth.

Thys landie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst
This after mee, I haue writ my name,
VVithout the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forit vs to this shifft:
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,
VVhat God will haue discouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the traytors and the truth.

Shee takes the Staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her stamps and writes.

Oh doe yee read my Lord what she hath writ,
Scaprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Marcus. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of *Tarquin*,
Performers of this haynous bloody deede.

Titus. *Magni Dominator poli,*
Tam latus audis scelerata, tam latus vides?

Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord, although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaims,
My Lord kneele downe with me, *Lauinia* kneele,

And

88 *The most lamentable Tragedie*
 And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine Hectors hope,
 And sweare with me as with the wofull feere,
 And father of that chast dishonoured Dame,
 Lord *Imitus Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape,
 92 That we will prosecute by good aduice
 Mortall reuenge vpon these trayterous Gothes,
 And see their blood, or die with this reproch.

96 *Titus.* Tis sure enough, and you knew how,
 But if you hunt these Beare whelpes, then beware,
 The Dam will wake, and if shee winde you once,
 Shee's with the Lion deepeley still in league,
 And luls him whilst shee plaith on her back.
 100 And when he sleepes, will shee doe what shee list.
 You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let alone,
 And come I will goe get a leafe of braffe,
 And with a gad of steele will write these words,
 104 And lay it by: the angry Northen winde,
 Will blow these sandis like *Sibylles* leaues abroade,
 And vheres you lesson then; boy what say you?

108 *Puer.* I say my Lord that if I were a man,
 Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
 For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.

112 *Marcus.* I thats my boy, thy father hath full off,
 For his vngratefull Country done the like.

116 *Puer.* And Vnkle, so will I, and if I liue.

120 *Titus.* Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall my boy
 Shall carrie from me to the Empresle sonnes,
 Presents that I intend to send them both:
 Come, come, shouldest doe thy message wilt thou not?

124 *Puer.* I with my dagger in theyr bosomes Grandier.

128 *Titus.* No boy, not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lavinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe branc it at the Court,

of Titus Andronicus.

I marry will we sit, and weeble be waited on. *Exeunt.*

Mar. O heauens, can you heare a good man groane
And not relent, or not compatisyon him?

Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his hart,
Than foe-mens markes vpon his battred shield,
But yet so iust, that he will not revenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus.* *Exit.*

*Enter Aron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one doore, and
at another doore young Lucius and another, with a
bundle of weapons, and verses writ vpon them.*

Chiron. Demetrius, here's the sonne of *Lucius*,
He hath some meslage to deliuer vs.

Aron. I some mad meslage from his mad Grandfather.

Puer. My Lords, with all the humblenes I may,
I greeete your Honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.

Demet. Gramarcie louely *Lucius*, what the newes.

Puer. That you are both discipherd, that's the newes,
For villainies markt with rape. May it please you,
My Grandsier well aduisde hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gracie your honourable youth
The hope of Rome, for so he bid me say :
And so I doe, and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue neede,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leaue you both : Like bloody villaines. *Exit.*

Deme. What's here? a scrole, and written round about,
Let's see,

Integer vite scelerisque purus, non egeri mauri iaculis nec arcus.

Chiron. O tis a verse in *Horace* I know it well,

G.

The most lamentable Tragedie

I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

+ 24 *Aron.* I iust, a verfe in *Horace*, right you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Asse.

+ 28 Her's no sound iest, the old man hath found theyr gilt,
And sendes them weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound beyond theyr feeling to the quick:
But were our wittie Empresse well a foote,
Shee would applaud *Andronicus* conceit,
But let her rest in her vniest a while.

32 And now young Lords, wast not a happy starre,
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more than so
Captiues, to be aduanced to this height:
It did me good before the pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his bothers hearing.

+ 36 *Demet.* But me more good to see so great a Lord,
Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.

+ 40 *Aron.* Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*,
Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?

Demet. I would we had a thousand Romane Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.

+ 44 *Chiron.* A charitable wish, and full of loue.

Aron. Here lacks but your mother for to say Amen.

Chiron. And that would she for twentie thousand more.

Deme. Come let vs goe and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines.

+ 48 *Aron.* Pray to the deuils the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

+ *Trumpets sound.*

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?

Chiron. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.

Deme. Soft, who comes heere.

Enten Nurse with a blacke a Moore child.

+ 52 *Nur.* God morrow Lords, ô tell me did you see *Aron* the
Aron. Wel, more or leſſe, or neare a whit at all, (Moore
Heere

of *Titus Andronicus.*

Here *Aron* is, and what with *Aron* now?

Nurse. Oh gentle *Aron*, we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or woe betide thee cuermore.

Aron. Why what a catterwaling doost thou keeps,
what doost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

Nurse. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,
Shee is deliuerner Lords, she is deliuerner.

Aron. To whom.

Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed.

Aron. Well god giue her good rest, what hath hee sent
Nurse. A devill. (her 2)

Aron. Why then she is the devils Dame, a ioyfull issue,

Nurse. A ioyles, dismall, black, and sorrowfull issue,
Here is the babe as loathsome as a toade,
Amongst the fairest breedes of our clime,
The Empresse sendes it thee, thy stamp, thy scale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers poynt.

Aron. Zounds ye whore, is blacke so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossome sure.

Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?

Aron. That which thou canil not vndoe.

Chiron. Thou hast vndone our mother.

Aron. Villaine, I haue done thy mother.

Deme. And therein hellish dog thou hast vndone her,
Woe to her chaunce, and damde her loathed choice,
Accurst the offspiring of so foule a fiend.

Chiron. It shall not live,

Aron. It shall not die.

Nurse. *Aron* it must, the mother wils it so.

Aron. VVhat must it *Nurse*? then let no man but I
Doe execution on my flesh and blood.

Deme. Ile broach the tadpole on my Rapiers poynt,

Nurse giue it me, my sword shall soone dispach it.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Aron. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels vp,
 Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?
 Now by the burning tapors of the skie,
 That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
 He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,
 That touches this my first borne sonne and heire :
 I tell you yonglings, not *Enceladus*,
 With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,
 Nor great *Aleides*, nor the God of warre,
 Shall ceaze this pray out of his fathers hands :
 What, what, yee sanguine shalloe harted boies,
 Yee white limbde walls, ye ale-house painted signes,
 Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
 In that it scornes to beare another hue :
 For all the water in the Ocean,
 Can never turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
 Although shice laue them howrely in the flood :
 Tell the Empresse from me I am of age
 To keepe mine owne, excuse it how shle can.

Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble Mistris thus.

Aron. My mistris is my mistris, this my selfe,
 The vigour, and the picture of my youth :
 This before all the world doe I preferre,
 This mauger all the world will I keepe safe;
 Or some of you shall smoake for it in Rome.

Deme. By this our mother is for euer shamde.

Chiron. Rome will despise her for this foule escape.

Nurse. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.

Chiron. I blush to thinke vpon this ignomie.

Aron. Why there's the priuiledge your beautie beares :
 Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of thy hart :
 Heer's a young Lad framde of another leere,
 Looke how the blacke slauke smiles vpon the father.

As.

of Titus Andronicus.

As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne.
 He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed
 Of that selfe blood that first gaue life to you,
 And from your wombe where you imprisoned were,
 He is infranchized, and come to light :
 Nay he is your brother by the surer side,
 Although my seale be stamped in his face.

Nurse. Aron, what shall I say vnto the Empresse.

Demetrius. Aduise thee Aron, what is to be done,
 And we will all subscribe to thy aduise :
 Saue thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aron. Then sit we downe and let vs all consult,
 My sonne and I will haue the wind of you :
 Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.

Demetrius. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aron. Why so braue Lords, when we ioyne in league
 I am a Lambe, but if you braue the Moore,
 The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonesse,
 The Ocean swels not so as Aron stormes :
 But say againe, how many saw the child.

Nurse. Cornelis the Midwife and my selfe,
 And no one else but the deliuered Empresse.

Aron. The Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
 Two may keepe counsell when the third's away :
 Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said. *He kels her.*
 Weeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to the spit.

Deme. What mean'st thou Aron, wherfore didst thou this ?

Aron. O Lord sir, tis a deede of policie,
 Shall she liue to betray this gilt of ours ?

A long tongu'd babling Gossip, no Lords, no :
 And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
 Not farre, one *Milesius* my Country-man
 His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
 His child is like to her, faire as you are :

The most lamentable Tragedie

Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
 And tell them both the circumstance of all,
 And how by this their child shall be aduaunst,
 And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
 And substituted in the place of mine,
 To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
 And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
 Harke yee Lords, you see I haue giuen her phisick,
 And you must needs beslow her funerall,
 The fieldes are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
 This done, see that you take no longer dayes
 But send the Midwife presently to me.
 The Midwife and the Nurse well made away.
 Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

Chiron. Aron, I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with secrets.

Deme. For this care of *Tamora*,
 Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*

Aron. Now to the *Gothes*, as swift as swallow flies,
 There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
 And secretly to greet the Empresse friendes:
 Come on you thick-lipt-slauie, Ile beare you hence,
 For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
 Ile make you feede on berries, and on rootes,
 And feede on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,
 And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp,
 To be a warriour and commaund a Campe. *Exit.*

*Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentle-
 men with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with Letters
 entrie endes of them.*

Titus. Come *Marcus*, come, kinsmen this is the way,
 Sir boy let me see your archerie,
 Looke yee draw home enough and tis there straight

Terras

of *Titus Andronicus*.

Terras Astrea relquit, be you remembred Marcus.
 Shee's gone, shees fled, sirs take you to your tooles,
 You Cosens shall goe sound the Ocean,
 And cast your nets, happily you may catch her in the sea,
 Yet ther's as little iustice as at Land:
 No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must doe it,
 Tis you must dig with mattocke and with spade,
 And pierce the ymmost center of the earth,
 Then when you come to *Plutoes Region*,
 I pray you deliuer him this petition,
 Tell him it is for iustice and for ayde,
 And that it comes from olde *Andronicus*,
 Shaken with sorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
 Ah Rome, well, well, I made thee miserable,
 What time I threw the peoples suffrages
 On him that thus doth tyrannize ore mee.
 Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull alt,
 And leaue you not a man of warre vnsearcht,
 This wicked Emperour may haue shipt her hence,
 And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for iustice.

Marcus. O *Publius*, is not this a heauie case
 To see thy noble Vnkle this distract?

Publius. Therfore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
 By day and night t'attend him carefully:
 And feede his humour kindly as we may,
 Till time beget some carefull remedie.

Marcus. Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.
 Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
 Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
 And vengeance on the traytour *Saturnine*.

Titus. *Publius* how now, how now my Maisters,
 VWhat haue you met with her?

Publius. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
 If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,

Mariæ

The most lamentable Tragedie

Marrie for Iustice she is so imployd,
40 He thinks with *Ioue* in heauen, or some where else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Titus. He doth me wrong to feede me with delays,
Ile dñe into the burning lake below,

44 And pull her out of Acaron by the heeles.

Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bond-men fram'd of the Cyclops size,
But mettall *Marcus*, Steele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can beare :
And sith there's no iustice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicite heaven and moue the Gods,
To fende downe Iustice for to wreake our wrongs :
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*,

52 *He gives them the Arrowes.*

Ad Iouem, that's for you, here *ad Apollenem*,
Ad Martem, that's for my selfe,
Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to shoothe against the wind.
60 Too it boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid,
Of my word I haue written to effect,
There's not a God left vnsollicited.

Marcus. Kindsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.

Titus. Now Maisters draw, oh well said *Lucius*,
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.

Marcus. My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

Titus. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done ?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

Marcus. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
The Bull being gald, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,

72 And

of *Titus Andronicus*.

And who should finde them but the Empresse villaine:
Shee laught, and tolde the Moore he should not choose
But give them to his maister for a present.

Titus. VVhy there it goes, God giue his Lordship ioy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two pidgions in it.

Titus. Newes, newes from heauen,
Marcus the poast is come.

Sirra what tydings, haue you any letters,
Shall I haue iustice, what sayes *Jupiter*?

Clowne. Ho the liebbetmaker? hee sayes that hee hath ta-
ken them downe againe, for the man must not be hangd till
the next weeke.

Titus. But what sayes *Jupiter* I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas sir, I know not *Jupiter*?

I never dranke with him in all my life.

Titus. Why villaine, art not thou the Carrier?

Clowne. I of my pidgions sir, nothing els.

Titus. VVhy, didst thou not come from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen, alas sir, I never came there,
God forbid I should bee so bolde, to preffe to heauen in my
young dayes.

Why I am going with my pidgions to the tribunall Plebs, to
take vp a matter of brawle betwixt my Vnkle, and one of
the Emperialls men.

Marcus. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serue for your
Oration, and let him deliuer the pidgions to the Emperour
from you.

Titus. Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the Em-
perour with a grace.

Clowne. Nay truely sir, I coulde never say grace in all my
life.

Titus. Sirra come hither, make no more a doe,

H.

But

IV.iii.

The most lamentable Tragedie

But give your Pidgions to the Emperour,
 By me thou shalt haue justice at his hands,
 Hold, hold, meane while here's money for thy charges,
 Give me pen and inke.

Sirra, can you with a grace deliuer a Supplication ?

Clowne. I sir.

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approch you must kneele, then kisse his foote, then deliuer vp your Pidgions, and then looke for your rewarde. Ile be at hand sir, see you doe it braue-
 lie.

Clowne. I warrant you sir, let mee alone.

Titus. Sirra hast thou a knife ? Come let me see it.

Here *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
 For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant.
 And when thou hast giuen it to the Emperour,
 Knocke at my doore, and tell me what he sayes.

Clowne. God be with you sir, I will. *Exit.*

Titus. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Emperour and Empresse, and her two sonnes, the

*Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand
 that Titus shot at him.*

Satur. Why Lordes what wrongs are these, was euer seene,
 An Emperour in Roine thus ouer-borne,
 Troubled, confroneted thus, and for the extent
 Of egall iustice, vsde in such contempt.
 My Lordes you know the mightfull Gods,
 How euer these disturbers of our peace
 Buz in the peoples cares, there nought hath past,
 But euen with law against the wilfull sonnes

Of

IV.iv.

of *Titus Andronicus*.

Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
 His sorrowes haue so ouerwhelmde his wits?
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
 His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternes?
 And now he writes to heauen for his redresse,
 See here's to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercurie*,
 This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
 Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome,
 Whats this but libelling against the Senate,
 And blazoning our vniustice every where,
 A goodly humor, is it not my Lords?
 As who would say, in Rome no iustice were.
 But if I liue, his fained extasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages,
 But he and his shall know that iustice liues
 In *Saturnines* health, whom if he sleepe,
 Hele so awake, as he in furie shall,
 Gut off the proud'st conspiratour that liues.

Tamora. My gracious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
 Lord of my life, commaunder of my thoughts,
 Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
 Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant sonnes,
 Whose losse hath pearst him deepe, and skard his hart,
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest or the best
 For these contempts: Why thus it shall become
 Hie witted *Tamora* to glose with all,
 But *Titus* I haue touched thee to the quick,
 Thy life blood out: if *Aron* now be wife,
 Then is all false, the Anchor in the port.

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow, wouldst thou speake with vs?

Clowne. Yea forsooth, & your Mistership be Emperiall.

H 2

Tamo.

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The most lamentable Tragedie

Tamora. Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.

Clowne. Tis he, God and Saint Stephen give you godden,
I haue brought you a letter and a couple of pidgicns heere.

Hee reades the Letter.

Satur. Goe take him away, and hang him presently?

Clowne. How much money must I haue.

Tamora. Come firra you must be hanged.

Clowne. Hangd be Lady, then I haue brought vp a necke
to a faire end.

Exit.

Satur. Dispightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villanie?
I know from whence this same devise proceedes.
May this be borne, as if his trayterous sonnes,
That dyde by law for murther of our brother,
Haue by my meanes been butchered wrongfully.
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape priuiledge,
For this proude mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man,
Sly frantick wretch, that holpft to make me great,
In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and mee.

Enter Nuntius Emilius.

Satur. What newes with thee *Emilius*?

Emilius. Arme my Lords, Rome never had more cause,
The Gothes haue gathered head, and with a power
Of high resolued men, bent to the spoyle,
They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
Of *Lucius*, sonne to old *Antonius*,
Who threatnes in course of this reuenge to doe

As

of *Titus Andronicus*.

As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.

King. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the *Gotthes*,
 These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
 As flowers with frost, or grasse beate downe with stormes:
 I now begins our sorrowes to approach,
 Tis he the common people loue so much,
 My selfe hath often heard them say,
 When I haue walked like a priuate man,
 That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
 And they haue wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.

Tamora. Why shold you feare, is not your Citty strong?

King. I but the Cittizens fauour *Lucius*,
 And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tamora. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
 Is the Sunne dimd, that Gnats doe flie in it,
 The Eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not carefull what they meane theroby,
 Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
 He can at pleasure stink their melody.
 Even so mayest thou the giddy men of Rome,
 Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
 I will etchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
 With words more sweet and yet more dangerous
 Then baites to fish, or honey stalks to sheepe,
 When as the one is wounded with the baite,
 The other rotted with delicious seede.

King. But he will not intreate his sonne for vs.

Tamora. If *Tamora* intreate him than he will,
 For I can smooth and fill his aged eares,
 With golde, promises, that were his hart
 Almost impregnable, his old yeares deafe,
 Yet should both eare and hart obey my tongue.
 Goe thou before to be our Embassador,
 Say that the Emperour requestes a parly,

The most lamentable Tragedie

Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting,
Euen at his Fathers house the old *Andromecus*.

King. Emilius doe this messege honourably,
And if he stand in hostage for his safety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.
Emilius. Your bidding shall I doe effectually.

Exit.

Tamora. Now will I to that old *Andromecus*,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Gothes*.
And now sweet Emperour be blith againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deases.

Saturnine. Then goe successantly and pleade to him.

Exeunt.

*Enter Lucius with an Armie of Gothes, with
Drums and Soldiers.*

Lucius. Approved warriers, and my fauill friends,
I haue receaued letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our sight they ate.
Therefore great Lords be as your titles witnes,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any skath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Braue slip sprung from the great *Andromecus*,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt,
Be bold in vs weele follow where thou leadst,
Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,
Led by their Maister to the flowred fields,
And be aduengd on cursed *Tamora*:

And

of Titus Andronicus.

And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Lucius. I humbly thanke him and I thank you all,
But who comes heere led by a lusty *Goth*?

*Enter a Goth leading of Aron with his child
in his armes.*

Goth. Renowmed *Lucius* from our troupes I straide,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye,
Vpon the wasted building suddainly,
I heard a child cry vnderneath a wall,
I made vnto the hoise, when soone I heard,
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :
Peace tawny flauie, halfe me, and halfe thy dam,
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mothers looke,
Villaine thou mightst haue beene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milke white,
They never doe beget a cole-blacke Calfe :
Peace villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trusty *Goth*,
Who wben he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy mothers sake.
With this my weapon drawne I rusht vpon him
Surprizd him suddainly, and brought him hither
To vse as you thinke needfull of the man.

Lucius. Oh worthy *Goth*, this is the incarnate deuill,
That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand,
This is the Pearle that pleaseid your Empresse eye,
And here's the base fruite of her burning lust,
Say wall-eyd flauie whither wouldest thou conuay,
This growing Image of thy fiendlike face;
Why doost not speake ? whae deafe, not a word ?

The most lamentable Tragedie

A halter Souldiers, hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruite of Bastardie.

Aron. Touch not the boy, he is of Royall blood.

Lucius. Too like the fier for euer being good,
First hang the child that he may see it sprall,
A sight to vexe the Fathers soule withall.

Aron. Get me a ladder, *Lucius* sauē the child,
And beare it from me to the Empresse:
If thou doe this, ile shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare,
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile speake no more, but vengeance rot you all.

Lucius. Say on, and if it please me which thou speakest,
Thy child shall liue, and I will see it flourisht.

Aron. And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*,
Twill vexe thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
For I must talke of murthers, rapes, and massacres,
Actes of black night, abhorminable deeds,
Complots of mischiefe, treason, villanies,
Ruthfull to heare, yet pitteously performd,
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Vnlesse thou sweare to me my child shall liue.

Lucius. Tell on thy mind, I say thy child shall liue.

Aron. Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin.

Lucius. Who should I sweare by, thou beleueest no God,
That graunted, how canst thou beleue an oath.

Aron. What if I doe not, as indeede I doe not,
Yet for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I haue seene thee careful to obserue,
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know,
An Ideot holds his bauble for a God,
And keepes the oath which by that God he sweares,

To

of *Titus Andronicus.*

To that I'le vrge him : therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God so ere it be
That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence,
To saue my boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Or else I will discouer nought to thee.

Lucius. Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will.

Aron. First know thou, I begot him on the Empresse,

Lucius. Oh most infatiate and luxurious woman.

Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deede of charite,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
Twas her two sonnes that murdered *Bassianus*,
They cut thy sisters tongue and rauisht her,
And cut her hands, and trimd her as thou sawest.

Lucius. Oh detestable villaine, call'ſt thou that trimming.

Aron. Why ſhe was washt, and cut, and trimd,
And twas trim ſport for them that had the dooing of it.

Lucius. Oh barbarous beaſtly villaines like thy ſelfe.

Aron. Indeed I was their tutor to instruct them,
That coddling ſpirit had they from theyr mother,
As ſure a carde as euer wote the ſet :

That bloody minde I thinke they leard of me,
As true a dog as euer fought at head :

VVell, let my deeds be witnes of my worth,
I traynde thy brethren to that guilefull hole,
Where the dead corps of *Bassianus* lay :
I wrote the Letter that thy Father found
And hid the gold within the Letter mentioned,
Gonfederate with the Queene, and her two sonnes.
And what not done, that thou haſt cauſe to rue,
Wherein I had no ſtroke of mischiefe in it,
I playd the cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my ſelfe a part,
And almoſt broke my hart with extreame laughter,
I pried me through the treuie of a wall,

The most lamentable Tragedie

VVhen for his hand he had his two sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laugh so hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his :
And when I told the Empresse of thyss sport,
Shee sounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tydings gaue me twenty kisstes.

Goth.

VVhat canst thou say all this, and never blush.

Aron.

I like a blacke dogge as the saying is.

Lucius.

Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes.

Aron.

I that I had not doone a thousand more,
Euen now I curse the day; and yet I thinke
Few come within the compasse of my curse,
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else deuise his death,
Raunish a mayde, or plot the way to doe it,
Accuse some innocent, and forsware my selfe,
Set deadly enmitie betweene two friends,
Make poore mens cattle breake theyr necks,
Set fire on Barnes and haystakes in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their teares :
Oft haue I digg'd vp dead men from theyr graues,
And set them vpright at their deere friends doore,
Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,
And on theyr skinnes, as on the barke of trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine letters,

Let

of *Titus Andronicus*.

Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I haue done a thousand dreadfull thinges
As willingly as one would kill a flie,
And nothing greeues me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe tenne thousand more.

Lucius. Bring downe the deuill, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aron. If there be deuils, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euerlasting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Lucius. Sirs stop his mouth, and let him speake no more.

Enter Emilius.

Goth. My Lord there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Lucius. Let him come neere.

V Veloome *Emilius*, what's the newes from Rome?

Emil. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greets you all by mee,
And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,
He craues a parley at your Fathers house
Willing you to demaund your hostages,
And they shall be immediatly deliuered.

Goth. What sayes our Generall?

Lucius. *Emilius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Uncle *Marcus*,
And we will come, march away.

Enter Tamora, and her two sonnes disguised.

Tamora. Thus in this strange and sad habillament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*.

I 2.

And

V.ii.

The most lamentable Tragedie

And say, I am Reuenge sent from below,
 To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs,
 Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
 To ruminante strange plots of diere Reuenge,
 Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
 And worke confusion on his enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his studie doore.

Titus. Who doth molest my contemplation?
 Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
 That so my sad decrees may flie away,
 And all my study be to no effect.
 You are deceau'd, for what I meane to doe,
 See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe.
 And what is written shall be executed.

Tamora. Titus, I am come to talke with thee.
Titus. No not a word, how can I grace my talke,
 Wanting a hand to giue that accord,
 Thon hast the ods of me therefore no more. (me

Tamora. If thou didst knowe me thou wouldest talke with
Titus. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
 Witnes this wretched stump; witnes these crimson lines,
 Witnes these trenchers made by grieve and care,
 Witnes the tyring day and heauy night,
 Witnes all sorrow that I know thee well
 For our proud Empressee, mighty *Tamora*:
 Is not thy comming for my other hand.

Tamora. Know thou sad man, I am noe *Tamora*,
 Shee is thy enemie, and I thy friend,
 I am Reuenge sent from th' infernall Kingdome,
 To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
 By working wreakefull yengeanc on thy foes:

Come

of *Titus Andronicus.*

Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
 Conferre with me of murder and of death,
 There's not a hollow Cauē or lurking place,
 No vast obscurity or misty vale,
 Where bloody murther or detested rape,
 Can couch for feare but I will finde them out,
 And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
 Reuenge which makes the foule offender quake.

Titus. Art thou Reuenge? and art thou sent to me,
 To be a torment to thine enemies.

Tamora. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me?

Titus. Doe me some service ere I come to thee,
 Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
 Now giue some surance that thou art Reuenge,
 Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
 And then ile come and be thy Waggoner,
 And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
 Prouide thee two proper Palfrayes, black as Ict,
 To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
 And finde out murder in their guilty cares.
 And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheeles,
 Trot like a seruile footeman all day long,
 Euen from Epeons rising in the East,
 Vntill his very downfall in the Sea.
 And day by day ile doe this heauy taske,
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tamora. These are my ministers and come with me.

Titus. Are them thy ministers, what are they call'd?

Tamora. Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
 Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Titus. Good Lord how like the Empresse Sonnes they are,
 And you the Empresse, but we worldly men
 Haue miserable mad mistaking eyes:

The most lamentable Tragedie

65 Oh sweet Reuenge, now doe I come to thee,
And if one armes embracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.

70 *Tamora.* This closyngh with him fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-sick fits,
Doe you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Reuenge,
And being credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him send for *Lucius* his sonne,
And whilste I at a banquet hold him sure,
Ile finde some cunning practise out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes,
Or at the least make them his enemies:
See heere he comes, and I must ply my theame.

75 *Titus.* Long haue I been forlorne and all for thee,
Welcome dread Furie to my woefull house,
Rapine and Murther you are welcome too,
How like the Empresse and her sonnes you are,
Well are you fittid, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell afford you such a deuill?
For well I wote the Empresse neuer wags
But in her company there is a Moore.
80 And would you represent our Queene aright,
It were conuenient you had such a deuill:
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?

85 *Tamora.* What wouldst thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?

Deme. Show me a murtherer ile deale with him.

90 *Chirax.* Show me a villaine that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reuengde on him.

95 *Tamora.* Show me a thousand that haue done thee wrong,
And I will be reuenged on them all.

100 *Titus.* Looke round about the wicked streets of *Rome*,
And when thou findst a man that's like thy selfe,
Good Murther stab hit, hee's a murtherer.

Goe

of *Titus Andronicus.*

Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him, he is a rauisher.
Goe thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maist thou know her by thine owne proportion,
For vp and downe she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They haue beene violent to me and mine.

Tamora. VVell hast thou lessond vs, this shall we doe,
But would it please thee good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant sonne,
Who leades toward *Rome* a band of warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
When hee is heere, euен at thy soleinne feast,
I will bring in the Empresse and her sonnes,
The Emperour himselfe, and all thy fots,
And at thy mercy shall they stoope and kneele,
And on them shalst thou ease thy angry hart:
What sayes *Andronicus* to this devise?

Enter Marcus.

Titus. Marcus my brother, tis sad *Titus* cailes,
Goe gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the t'miefest Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his souldiers where they are.
Tell him the Emperour and the Empresse too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them,
This doe thou for my loue, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.

Mar. This will I doe, and soone retурne againe.

Tamora.

V.ii.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Tamora. Now will I hence about thy busines,
And take my ministers along wicth me.

Titus. Nay, nay, let rape and murder stay with me,
Or els Ile call my brother backe againe,
And cleave to no reuenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What say you boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouernd our determinid iest,
Yeede to his humour, smooth and speake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne agayne.

Titus. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in theyr owne deuises,
A payre of cursed hell hounds and theyr Dame.

Deme. Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere.

Tamora. Farewell *Andronicus*, Reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Titus. I know thou dooſt, and sweet Reuenge farewell.

Chiron. Tell vs old man, how ſhall we be imployd,

Titus. Tnt I haue worke enough for you to doe.

Publius come hether, *Caius*, and *Valentine*,

Publius. What is your will.

Titus. Know you theſe two?

Pub. The Emprefſe ſonnes I take the, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

Titus. Fie *Publius* fie, thou art too much deceaude,

The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,

And therfore binde them gentle *Publius*,

Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,

Oft haue you heard me wiſh for ſuſh an houre,

And now I finde it, therfore binde them ſure,

And ſtop theyr mouthes if they begin to cry.

Chiron. Villaines forbeare, we are the Emprefſe ſonnes.

Publius. And therfore do we what we are commanded.

Stop close their mouthes, let them not ſpeake a word,

Is he ſure bound, looke that you binde them fast.

Enter

of *Titus Andronicus*.

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia with a Basin.

Titus. Come, come, *Lavinia*, looke thy foes are bound,
 Sirs stop theyr mouthes, let them not speake to me,
 But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
 Oh villaines, *Chiron* and *Demetrios*,
 Here stands the spring whqm you haue stain'd with mud,
 This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
 You kild her husband, and for that vild fault,
 Two of her brothers were condemnd to death,
 My hand cut off, and made a merry iest,
 Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more deere
 Than hands or tongue, her spotlesse chaslitie,
 Inhumaine traytors you constraind and forst.
 What would you say if I should let you speake?
 Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
 Harke wretches how I meane to marter you,
 This one hand yet is left to cut your thrôates
 Whilst that *Lavinia* tweene her stumps doth hold,
 The Basin that receaues your guiltie blood.
 You know your Môther meanes to feast with me,
 And calls herselfe Reuenge, and thinks me mad.
 Harke villaines, I will grinde your bones to dust,
 And with your blood and it, I le make a paste,
 And of the paste a coffen I will reare,
 And make two pasties of your shamefull heads,
 And bid that strumpet your vnhalloved Dam,
 Like to the earth swallow her owne increase.
 This is the feast that I haue bid her too,
 And this the banquet she shal surfe on,
 For worse than *Philotel* you vsde my daughter,
 And worse than *Progne* I will be reueng'd.

K

And

V.ii.

The most lamentable Tragedie

And now prepare your throates, *Lavinia* come,
 Receave the blood, and when that they are dead,
 Let me goe grinde theyr bones to powder small,
 And with this hatefull liquor temper it,
 And in that pastie let theyr vile heads be bakt,
 Come, come, be euery one officius,
 To make this banchet, which I wish may prove
 More sterne and bloody than the Centaurs feast.

He cuts their throates.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
 And see them readie against theyr Mother comes.

Exeunt.

V.iii.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Lucius. Vnckle *Marcus*, since tis my Fathers minde
 That I repaire to Rome, I am content.

Gotk. And ours with thine, befall what Fortune will.

Lucius. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
 This rauenous Tiger, this accursed devill,
 Let him receave no sustnaunce, fetter him,
 Tell he be brought vnto the Empresse face,
 For testimonie of her foule proceedings,
 And see the Ambush of our friendes be strong,
 I feare the Emperour meanes no good to vs.

Moore. Some devill whisper curses in mine eare,
 And prompt me, that my tongue may vter forth,
 The venomous mallice of my swelling hart.

Lucius. Away iinhumane dogge, vnhallowed flauue,
 Sirs, helpe our vncle to couuay him in,
 The trumpets shewe the Emperour is at hand.

*Sound trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empresse, with
 Tribunes and others.*

King. What hath the firmament moe sunnes than one?

Lucius.

of *Titus Andronicus*.

Lucius. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a sunne?

Marcus. Romes Emperour and Nephew break the parle,
These quartels must be quietly debated,
The feast is ready which the carefull *Titus*,
Hath ordainde to an honourable end,
For peace, for loue, for league and good to Rome,
Please you therefore draw neare and take your places.

Empe. *Marcus* we will.

*Sound trumpets, enter Titus like a Cooke placing the meate on
the table, and Lavinia with a vail over her face.*

Titus. Welcom my gracious Lord, welcom dread Queen,
Welcome yee warlike *Gethes*, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all although the cheere bee poore,
Twill fill your stomacks, please you ~~eate~~ *obite*.

King. Why art thou thus attired *Andronicus*?

Titus. Because I would be sure to haue all well,
To entertaine your highnes and your Empresse,

Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*.

Titus. And if your highnes knew my hart you were,
My Lord the Emperour resolute me this,
Was it well doone of rash *Virginius*
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Because shee was enforst, stainde, and deflownde?

King. It was *Andronicus*.

Titus. Your reason mightie Lord.

King. Because the girl shoulde not suruiue her shame,
And by her presence still renue his sorrowes.

Titus. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall,
A patterne, president, and huely warrant,
For the most wretched to performe the like,
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy Father's sorrow die.

King. What haft thou done, vnnaturall and vniakide,

V. iii.

*The most lamentable Tragedie**Tit.* Kild her for whom my teares haue made me blind.

I am as wofull as *Virginius* was,
 And haue a thousand times more cause then he,
 To doe this outrage, and it now is done.

King. What was she rauisht, tell who did the deede.*Titus.* Wilt please you eate, wilt please your highnes feed.
Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine only daughter thus?*Titus.* Not I, twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*.

They rauisht her, and cut away her tongue,
 And they, twas they, that did her all this wrong.

King Goe fetch them hether to vs prefently,

Titus. Why there they are both, baked in that pie,
 Whercof theyr mother daintilie hath fed
 Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.
 Tis true, tis true, witnes my kniues sharpe point.

*He stabs the Empresse.**Empe.* Die frantick wretch for this accursed deede.*Lucius.* Can the sonnes eye behold his father bleede?
 There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deede.

Marcus. You sad facde men, people and sons of Rome,
 By vprores feuerd as a flight of fowle,
 Scattered by windes and high tempestious gusts,
 Oh let me teach you how to knit againe
 This seattred corne into one mutuall sheaffe,
 These broken limbis againe into one body.

Roman Lord. Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto herselfe,
 And shee whom mightie kingdoms curse too,
 Like a sororne and desperate cast away,
 Doe shamefull execution on herselfe.
 But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
 Graue witnessess of true experiance,
 Cannot induce you to attend my words,
 Speake Romes deere friend, as erst our Ancestor,

VVhen

of Titus Andronicus.

When with his solemne tongue he did discourse
 To loue-sickke Didoes sad attending, eare,
 The story of that balefull burning night,
 When subtile Greekes surprizd King Priams Troy.
 Tell vs what Sinon hath bewitcht our eares,
 Or who hath brought the fatall engine in
 That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
 My hart is not compact of flint nor steele,
 Nor can I vtter all our bitter griefe,
 But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
 And breake my vttrance euen in the time.
 When it shoulde moue you to attend me most,
 Lending your kind commiseration,
 Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,
 Your harts will throb and weepe to heare him speake.

Lucius. Then noble auditory be it knowne to you,
 That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
 Were they that murdred our Emperours brother,
 And they it were that rauished our sister,
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
 Our Fathers teares despisid, and basely couensed,
 Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
 And sent her enemies vnto the graue.
 Lastly my selfe vnkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me and turnd weeping out,
 To beg reliefe among Romes enemies,
 Who drownd their enmyt in my true teares,
 And opt their armes to imbrace me as a friend,
 I am the turned forth be it knowne to you,
 That haue preferud her welfare in my blood,
 And from her bosome tooke the enemies point,
 Sheathing the steele in my aduenturous body.
 Alas you know I am no vaunter I,
 My scars can witnes dumb although they are,

The most lamentable Tragedie

That my report is iust and full of truth,
 But soft, me thinks I doe digresse too much,
 Cyting my worthiessle prale. Oh pardon me,
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselues.

Marcus. Now is my turne to speake, behold the child,

Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
 The issue of an irreligious *Moore*,
 Chiefe architect and plotter of these woes,
 The villaine is aliue in *Titus* house,
 And as he is to witnes this is true,
 Now iudge what course had *Titus* to reuenge.
 These wrongs vnspeakeable past patience,
 Or more than any living man could beare.
 Now you haue heard the truth, what say you *Romaines*?
 Haue we done ought amisse, shew vs wherein,
 And from the place where you behold vs now,
 The poore remainder of *Andronicie*
 Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,
 And on the ragged stones beate forth our braine,
 And make a mutuall cloſure of our house:
 Speake *Romaines* speake, and if you say we shall,
 Loe hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.

Emilius. Come come thou reverent man of Rome,
 And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour for well I know,
 The common voyce doe cry it shall be so.

Marcus. *Lucius*, all haile Romes roiall Emperour,
 Goe goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,
 And hither hale that misbeleueing *Moore*,
 To be adiudge some direfull slaughtring death,
 As punishment for his most wicked life.

Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouvernour.

Lucius. Thanks gentle *Romaines* may I gouerne so,
 To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe,

But

of *Titus Andronicus*.

But gentle people giue me ayme a while,
 For nature puts me to a heauie taske,
 Stand all a loofe, but Vnkle draw you neere,
 To shed obsequious teates vpon this trunke,
 Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
 These sorrowfull drops vpon thy blood slaine face,
 The last true duties of thy noble sonne.

Marcus. Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,
 Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips,
 Oh were the summe of these that I shoule pay,
 Countlesse and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Lucius. Come hitker boy come, come and learne of vs
 To melt in showers, thy Grandfire lou'd thee well,
 Many a time he daunst thee on his knee,
 Sung thee a sleepe, his louing breast thy pillow,
 Many a matter hath he told to thee,
 Meete and agreeing with thine infancie,
 In that respect then, like a louing child.
 Shed yet some finall drops from thy tender spring,
 Because kind nature doth require it so,
 Friends shoule associate friends in griefe and woe.
 Bid him farewell, commit him to the graue,
 Doe them that kindnes, and take leaue of them.

Piser. Oh Grandfire, Grandfire, eu'n with all my hart.
 Would I were dead so you did liue againe,
 O Lord I cannot speake to him for weeping,
 My teares will choake me if I ope my mouth.

Romaine. You sad *Andronicie* haue done with woes,
 Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
 That hath beeene breeder of these dire euents.

Lucius. Set him breast deepe in earth and famish him,
 There let him stand and rauue and cry for foode,
 If any one releues or pitties him,
 For the offence he dies, this is our doome.

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The most lamentable Tragedie
Some stay to see him fastned in the earth.

Aron. Ah why should wrath be mute and fury dumb,
I am no baby I, that with base prayers
I should repent the euils I haue done,
Ten thousand worse than euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will,
If one good deede in all my life I did
I doe repent it from my very soule.

Lucius. Some louing friends conuay the Emperour hence,
And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue,
My Father and *Lavinia* shall forthwith
Be closed in our households monument:
As for that hainous Tiger *Tamora*,
No funerall right, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournfull bell shall ring her buriall.
But throw her forth to beasts and birds to pray,
Her life was beastly and deuoide of pitty,
And being so, shall haue like want of pitty.
See iustice done on *Aron* that damn'd Moore,
By whom our heauie haps had their beginning:
That afterwards to order well the state,
That like euents may neare it ruinate.

FINIS.

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